AN ECHO

FROM

ANDAMANS.



Letters Written by

Br. SAVARKAR

To his Brother

Dr. SAVARKAR.



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श्रीमती यशोदाबाई सावरकर.



" My earliest friend, my sister-in-law, my mother, my comrade, all in one, all at once! She really died as dies a Suttee! Ah, as truely as a Martyr dies for his land or his religion, do these Indian girls of to-day die withering, watching for the return of their lovers who are not destined to meet them again! Suffering in silence, serving though unknown paying though unacknowledged—truly these Hindu Girls pine away and die for their Motherland and for their Dharma!"

V. D. SAVARKAR

अर्पण पत्रिका

परलोकनिवासिनी

श्रीमती सौ. यशोदाबाई सावरकर

—"वहिनींचे"—

वत्सल चरणीं

व

त्यांच्याप्रमाणेंच स्वदेश स्वातंत्र्यार्थ

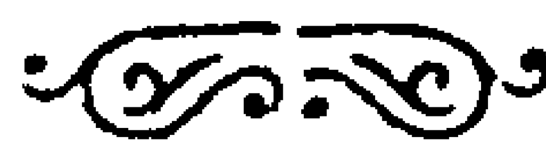
आत्महवन करणाऱ्या

अखिल भारत वर्षीय सतींच्या

सादर स्मारकार्थ

भक्तिपुरस्सर

समर्पित.



प्रस्तावना.

दे. भ. बॅ. विनायकराव सावरकरांच्या विषयीं अल्पस्वरूप जी कांहीं माहिती मिळेल ती ऐकण्यांस व त्यांच्या लेखणींतून उतरलेलें एखादें वाक्यही असेल तरी तें वाचण्यास महाराष्ट्रांत अनेक वाचक उत्सुक झालेले आहेत. हें अनुभवानें आह्मांस माहित असल्यानें त्यांची तृषा भागविण्यासाठीं आह्मीं त्यांच्याविषयीं लहान सहान लेख मिळाले तरी प्रसिद्ध करणार होतों. विनायकरावांची प्रकृती सध्यां ठीक नसल्यानें ते स्वतःसंबंधीं कांहीं नव लिहूं शकत नाहींत हें उघड आहे. तथापि इतर दिशेनें पहावें म्हणून आह्मी प्रयत्न करीत राहिलों तों एक घबाड अवचित हातीं आलें. विनायकरावांचे बंधु डॉ. सावरकर यांनां विनायकरावांनीं अन्दमानाच्या " अंधारी " तून धाडलेलीं कांहीं पत्रें. डॉ. सावरकरांनीं आमचे हातीं देण्याचे अनेक वेळां आह्मीं निकडच लावल्यानें अंतीं मान्य केलें. या मूळ पत्रांचें महत्व अनेक दृष्टीनें मोठें आहे. तीं एकाच दिवशीं व एकच मनःस्थितींत लिहिलेलीं नाहींत. तीं प्रथमच फांशीं होणार कीं काय असा संभव दिसणाऱ्या भयंकर परिस्थितींत आरंभ होऊन १४ वर्षांच्या अनेक यातनांची, दुःखांची, व उद्वेगांची मनश्चित्रें उमटवित अखेर " मरणोन्मुखशय्येवर " पहुडतांना दिसतात ! त्यांतूनही त्या सर्व पत्रांवर सरकारी तुरुंगांतील कठोर परीक्षणाच्या सोळा संस्कारांचे शिक्का मोर्तब होऊन तीं बाहेर पडलेलीं आहेत.

तेव्हां त्यांतील वर्णिलेलीं सर्व दुःखें, तुरुंगांत होत असलेले हाल व अधिकाऱ्यांचे वर्तन हीं अतिरंजित होणें असंभवनीय असून त्याविषयीं अल्पोक्तीच झालेली असली पाहिजे. नाहींतर सरकारी सूक्ष्म-दर्शांतून सुटून तीं पत्रें त्यांच्याच अनुज्ञेनें येऊंच शकलीं नसतीं! त्यांच्या पत्रांतील कांहीं पत्रें गहाळ झालेलीं आहेत. कांहीं सरकारी परीक्षकांस न रुचून अंशतः फाडलेलीं व काळ्या शाईनें फांसलेलीं आहेत. तरी देखील जीं व जितकीं हातीं लागून वाचतां येण्याच्या स्थितींत आढळलीं तीं सर्व कुठेंही प्रसिद्ध न झालेली पत्रें कालानुक्रमें दिलीं आहेत. त्या त्या वर्षी काळ्या पाण्याच्या त्या काळ्याकुट्ट तुरुंगांचे कोठडींत या प्रख्यात बंदीचें मनांत काय काय विचार घोळत होते हें अंशतः तरी आपणांस ह्या पत्रांनीं कळेल. त्यांत दिलेलीं मतें हीं त्यांचीं त्या त्या वेळचीं मतें होत हें सांगणें नकोच. पहिलीं तीन चार पत्रें शिक्षा लागण्याचे आधींचीं असल्यानें तीं प्रथम देऊन मग पुढें अंदमानचीं पत्रें कालानुक्रमानें देणार आहोंत.

आपला नम्र,

विश्वनाथ विनायक केळकर.
बी. ए., एल्. एल्. बी.
वकील, नागपूर.

मिती आषाढ शु. १ गुरुवार
शके १८४६ ता. ३
जुलै १९२४.

दे. भ. बॅ. विनायकराव सावरकर यांचीं पत्रें.



(१९०९ सालच्या जून महिन्यांत श्री. गणेशपंत सावरकरांना जन्मठेप काळे पाण्याची कठोर व अप्रतिक्षित शिक्षा एकाएकीं लागली. त्याचेच पुढें त्यांचे धाकटे बंधु " बाळ " (डॉ. सावरकर) यांसही वयाचे १९ वें वर्षींच लॉर्ड मिंटोवर फेंकलेल्या बॉंब प्रकरणांत अटक झाली ! या दोन्हीही बातम्या गणेशपंतांच्या पत्नी कै. यशोदाबाई यांनीं आपले दीर विनायकराव यांना विलायतेस कळविल्या. त्या वेळेस विलायतेमध्येंही क्रांतिकारकांची धामधूम चालू असून विनायकरावांवर इंग्रजी प्रमुख पत्रें टाईम्स सुद्धां तुटून पडून त्यांनाहि धरण्याच्या धमक्या देत होतीं. त्यांतच वडील बंधूस यावज्जीवन काळे पाणी झाल्याचें " वहिनींचें " पत्र हातीं पडलें तेव्हां त्या निराधार व संत्रस्त झालेल्या आपल्या दुःखी भावजयीस त्यांनीं घाईघाईनें हें उत्तर लिहून टाकिलें. त्या वेळेस लेखकाचें वय २५ वर्षांचें होतें.)

पत्र १ लें.

सांत्वन.

जयासी तुवां प्रतिपाळिलें । मातेचें स्मरण होऊं न दिलें ॥
श्रीमती वहिनी वत्सले । बंधु तुझा तो तुज नमी ॥ १ ॥

आशिर्वाद पत्र पावलें । जें लिहिलें तें ध्यानीं आलें ॥
मानस प्रमुदित झालें । धन्यता वाटली उदंड ॥ २ ॥

धन्य धन्य आपुला वंश । सुनिश्चयें ईश्वरी अंश ॥
कीं रामसेवा पुण्यलेश । आपुल्या भाग्यीं लाधला ॥ ३ ॥

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अनेक फुलें फुलतीं । फुलोनिया सुकोनि जाती ॥
कोणी त्यांची महती गणती । ठेविली असे ॥ ४ ॥

परी जें गजेंद्र शुंडेनें उपटिलें । श्री हरी साठीं मेलें ॥
कमल फूल तें अमर ठेलें । मोक्षदायीं पावन ॥ ५ ॥

त्या पुण्य गजेंद्रासमची । मुमुक्षु स्थिती भारतीची ॥
करुणारवें ती याची । इंदीवर शामा श्रीरामा ॥ ६ ॥

स्वोद्यानीं तिनें यावें । आपुल्या फुलास भुलावें ॥
खुडोनिया अर्पण करावें । श्री रामचरणां ॥ ७ ॥

धन्य धन्य आपुला वंश । सुनिश्चयें ईश्वरी अंश ॥
श्री राम सेवा पुण्य लेश । आपुल्या भाग्यीं लाधला ॥८ ॥

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अशीच सर्व फुलें खुडावीं । श्री राम चरणीं अर्पण व्हावीं ॥
कांहीं सार्थकता घडावीं । या नश्वर देहाचीं ॥ ९ ॥

अमर होय ती वंशलता । निर्वंश जींचा देवांकरतां ॥
दिगंतीं पसरे सुगंधता । लोकहित परिमल्लाचीं ॥ १० ॥

सुकुमार आमुच्या अनंत फुलां। गुंफोनि करा हो सुमन माला ॥
नवरात्रींच्या नवकाला । मातृभूमी वत्सले ॥ ११ ॥
एकदां नवरात्र संपली । नवमाला पूर्ण झाली ॥
कुलदेवी प्रकटेल काली । विजया लक्ष्मी पावन ॥ १२ ॥

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तूं धैर्याची असशी मूर्ति । माझे वहिनी माझे स्फूर्ति ॥
रामसेवा व्रताची पूर्ति । ब्रीद तुझें आधींच ॥ १३ ॥
महत्कार्याचें कंकण धरिलें । आतां महत्तमत्व पाहिजे बाणलें ॥
ऐसें वर्तन पाहिजे केलें । कीं जें पसंत पडलें संतांनां ॥ १४ ॥
अनेक पूर्वज ऋषीश्वर । अजात वंशजांचे संभार ॥
साधु साधु गर्जतील । ऐसें वर्तणें या काला ॥ १५ ॥

पत्र २ रें.

(यद्यपि त्यांचे पति श्रीयुत गणेशपंत जन्माचे अंतरून काळे पाण्यास गेलेले—व पोटच्या पोराप्रमाणें वाढविलेला आपला लहानगा दीर " बाळ " त्याच भीषण आरोपांवरून अटकेंत पडून जन्मठेप काळ्यापाण्याचीच मार्गप्रतीक्षा करीत बसलेला होता, तथापि हा एक कौटुंबिक आशेचा किरण अजून दुरून लकाकत " वहिनींच्या " निराशा रात्रीस थोडेसें प्रकाशवीत होता कीं बॅरिस्टर झालेला आपला मधला दीर लवकरच आपणांस येऊन भेटेल! पण इतक्यांतच १९१० च्या मार्चमध्यें, वयाच्या २६ व्या वर्षीं विनायकराव हिंदुस्थानचे स्वातंत्र्यार्थ सशस्त्र चळवळ करण्याच्या देहान्त दण्डनीय

आरोपावरून विलायतेंत पकडले गेले. तेव्हां या जन्मांत जिची पुन्हां भेट होणें जवळ जवळ असंभवनीय झालेलें होतें त्या आपल्या पूजनीय वहिनीवर आपल्या अटकेच्या वृत्त कथनाचा कुठाराघात करण्याचें कटु कर्तव्य करतांनाच त्यांतील उदात्त आकर्षक दिव्य मर्म व्यक्त करण्यास्तव विनायकरावांनीं लंडनमधील ब्रिक्स्टन जेलमधून आपल्या या जन्मांतला बहुधा शेवटचा होऊं पाहणारा हा निरोप—हें मृत्युपत्र—लिहून धाडिलें होतें.)

माझें मृत्युपत्र.

वैशाखिचा कुमुदनाथ नभांत हांसे ॥
यच्चंद्रिका धवल सौध तलीं विलासे ॥
घाली स्वयें जल जिला प्रिय बाल लोभे ॥
जाई फुलें परिमलें सुमनांत शोभे ॥ १ ॥

आले घरीं सकल आप्त सहृद् जिवाचें ॥
आनंद मग्न कुल गोकुल काय साचें ॥
आदर्श दीप्ति—शुचिता—द्युति—यौवनांचें ॥
पाहूनि जें तरुण मंडल कीर्ति नाचें ॥ २ ॥

प्रेमें हृदें विकसलीं नव यौवनाच्या ॥
गंधें सुवासित उदात्त सुसंस्कृतीच्या ॥
दिव्या लता तरुंसि जें गृह बाग झाला ॥
ज्या पौर हर्षित वदे जन ‘ धर्म—शाला ’ ॥ ३ ॥

सैंपाक त्वां निजकरें कुशले करावा ॥
प्रेमें तुझ्या अधिकची सुरसाल व्हावा ॥
संवाद सर्व मिळुनी करितां नितांत ॥
जेवावयासि बसलों जइं चांदण्यांत ॥ ४ ॥

श्री रामचंद्र वनवास कथा रसाळा ॥
कीं कॅवि देश इटली रिपुमुक्त झाला ॥
तानाजिचा समरधीर तसा पवाडा ॥
गावा चितोरगड वा शनवार वाडा ॥ ५ ॥

झाली कशी प्रियकरा अपुली अनाथा ॥
दुर्दास्य खिन्न शराभिन्न विपन्न माता ॥
शोकें विवंचुनि तिच्या जइं मोचनाचे ॥
केलें अनंत तरुणा उपदेश साचे ॥ ६ ॥

तो काल रम्य, मधुरा प्रिय संगती ती ॥
तें चांदणें, नवकथा–रमणीय रात्री ॥
तें ध्येय दिव्य निजमातृ–विमोचनाचें ॥
तो उग्र निश्चयहि, ते उपदेश साचे ॥ ७ ॥

झाल्या तदा प्रियकरांसह आण भाका ॥
त्या सर्व देवि वहिनी स्मरती तुह्मां कां? ॥
'वाजी प्रभू ठरुं' वदे युव संघ सर्व ॥
'आह्मीं चितोर युवती' युवती सगर्व ॥ ८ ॥

कीं घेतलें व्रत न हें अम्हि अंधतेनें ॥
लब्ध प्रकाश इतिहास–निसर्ग–मानें ॥
जें दिव्य दाहक ह्मणूनि असावयाचें ॥
बुध्याचि वाण धरिलें करिं हें सतीचें ॥ ९ ॥

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ज्या होति तैं प्रिय जनांसह आण भाका ॥
त्यातें स्मरोनि मग सांप्रत हें विलोका ॥
नाहीं पुरीं उलटलीं जरि आठ वर्षें ॥
तों कार्यसिद्धि इतुकी मन कां न हर्षें? ॥ १० ॥

आसेतु पर्वत उचंबळला स्वदेश ॥
वीराकृती धरित टाकुनि दीनवेष ॥
भक्तांचिया रघुपदीं झुलताति झुंडी ॥
जाज्वल्य होयहि हुताशन यज्ञ कुंडीं ॥ ११ ॥

तो यज्ञ सिद्ध करण्यास्तव उग्र दीक्षा ॥
जे घेति येइ तेइं तत्कृतिची परीक्षा ॥
"विश्वाचिया अखिल मंगल धारणाला ॥
बोला असे कवण भक्ष्य हुताशनाला" ॥ १२ ॥

आमंत्रण प्रभु रघूत्तम सोडितां हें ॥
दिव्यार्थ, देव ! अमुचें कुल सज्ज आहे ॥
हें सांध्वि गर्जुनि असे पहिल्या हवीचा ॥
हा ईश्वरीं मिळविला अम्हि मान साचा ॥ १३ ॥

धर्मार्थ देह वदलों ठरलें नितांत ॥
ते बोल फोल नाचि बालिश बायकांत ॥
ना भंगली भिउनिया धृति यातनांना ॥
निष्काम-कर्मरति योगहि खंडिलाना ॥ १४ ॥

ज्या होति तैं प्रियजनांसह आण भाका ॥
केल्याचि सत्य कृतिनें अजि ह्या विलोका ॥
दीप्तानलांत निजमातृ-विमोचनार्थ ॥
हा स्वार्थ जाळुनि अम्हीं ठरलों कृतार्थ ॥ १५ ॥

३

हे मातृभूमि तुजला मन वाहियेलें ॥
वक्तृत्व-वाग्विभवही तुज अर्पियेलें ॥
तूंतेंचि अर्पिलि नवी कविता रसाला ॥
लेखाप्रती विषय तूंचि अनन्य झाला ॥ १६ ॥

त्वत्स्थंडिलीं ढकलिलें प्रिय मित्र संघा ॥
केलें स्वयें दहन-यौवन-देह-भोगा ॥
त्वत्कार्य नैतिक सुसंमत सर्व देवां ॥
तत्सेवनींच गमली रघुवीर सेवा ॥ १७ ॥

त्वत्स्थंडिलीं ढकलिली गृह वित्त मत्ता ॥
दावानलांत वहिनी नवपुत्रकांता ॥
त्वत्स्थंडिलीं अतुल-धैर्य वरिष्ठ वंधु ॥
केला हवी परम कारुण पुण्य सिंधु ॥ १८ ॥

त्वत्स्थंडिलावरि बळी प्रिय बाल झाला ॥
त्वत्स्थंडिलीं बघ अतां मम देह ठेला ॥
हें काय बंधु असतों जरि सात आह्मीं ॥
त्वत्स्थंडिलींच असते दिधले बळी मी ॥ १९ ॥

संतान या भरतभूमिस तीस कोटी ॥
जे मातृभक्ति–रत–सज्जन धन्य होती ॥
हें आपुलें कुलहि त्यामधिं ईश्वरांश ॥
निर्वंश होउनि ठरेल अखंड वंश ॥ २० ॥

४

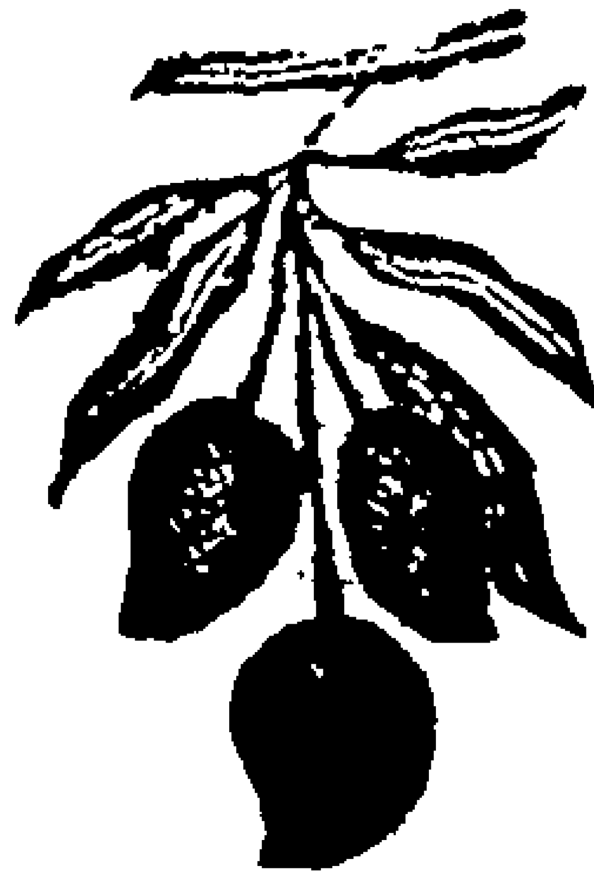
कीं तें ठरोहि अथवा न ठरो परंतु ॥
हे मातृभू अह्मि असों परिपूर्ण हेतू ॥
दीप्तानलांत निजमातृ–विमोचनार्थ ॥
हा स्वार्थ जाळुनि अह्मीं ठरलों कृतार्थ ॥ २१

ऐसें विवंचुनि अहो वहिनी व्रतातें ॥
पाळोनि वर्धन करा कुलदिव्यतेतें ॥
श्रीपार्वती तप करी हिम पर्वतीं ती ॥
कीं विस्तवांत हसल्या बहु राजपूती ॥ २२ ॥

तें भारतीय अबलाबलतेज कांहीं ॥
अद्यापि या भरत भूमिंत लुप्त नाहीं ॥
हें सिद्ध होइल असेंचि उदार उग्र ॥
वीरांगने तव सुवर्तन हो समग्र ॥ २३ ॥

माझा निरोप तुज येथुनि हाच देवि ॥
हा वत्स वत्सल तुझ्या पदिं शीर्ष ठेवी ॥
सप्रेम अर्पण असो प्रणती तुम्हांतें ॥
आलिंगन प्रियकरा मम अंगनेतें ॥ २४ ॥

कीं घेतलें व्रत न हें अम्हि अंधतेनें ॥
लब्ध प्रकाश इतिहास-निसर्ग-मानें ॥
जें दिव्य ‍: दाहक म्हणूनि असावयाचें ॥
बुध्याचि वाण धरिलें करि हें सतीचें ॥ २५ ॥



(The translation of the marathi introduction for English readers)

We know by our own experience that there are many persons eager to hear something of Deshbhakta Vinayakrao Savarkar, eagerly waiting to read even a single sentence, dropping from his pen. We, therefore, had decided to publish whatever article we could secure, written by him. It is quite evident that Vinayakrao cannot write anything about himself as his health is not completely recovered. We, however, were trying in other directions when all of a sudden, we happened to possess a valuable treasure. Dr. Savarkar of Bombay yielded at last to our constant persuations to hand over to us some of the letters written to him by his brother Barrister Savarkar from the dark cells of Andamans. These original letters are very important in more than one way. They are not written all at once. They begin in the period when even the penalty of being hanged was thought possible. They afterwards travel a full path of afflictions, tortures, disappointments extending over a period of fourteen years and at last are seen lying on the death bed! Moreover, they saw the light of the outer world after having been emerged from the strictest censor of the jail authorities of the Andamans and passed through other innumerable set backs in a jail atmosphere. Far

from being exagarated, therefore, all the tortures, all the rigours in a jail life and the behaviour of jail officials are likely to be toned down. These could not have, otherwise, come out having escaped the miscroscopic scrutiny of the Govt. circles! some of the letters are missing, some are torn or scratched beyond recognition as they could not satisfy the official standard of satisfaction. We have printed, nevertheless, all those letters that were in the condition of being read according to their chronological order. We shall be able to get a glimpse of the thoughts that were surging in the mind of the famous mighty prisoner, during that particular year. It is needless to say that these letters indicate the opinions of the writer at the times when they were written. We shall give first those 3-4 letters that are written before the sentence was passed, (Those are in marathi of which the English translation is given in the Parishista at the end) and then we shall give other letters in their chronological order.

III

FARE-WELL.

(This letter was written by Mr. Savarkar to his friends and comrades in Paris on the eve of his being extradited to India, from the Brixton jail : London 1910.)

(1)

Whose heart to heart by silken ties is knit of friendship sweet, that sweeter grows by far, partaking of the Godly Sacrament of Mother's creed divine;–Oh friends ! Fare–well !–as tender & fresh as the morning dew that wakes the fragrance !– friends adieu ! adieu ! !

(2)

We part to play our God appointed parts : now pent and nailed to burning Rocks; now tossed on surging waves of Fame; now seen now lost; or humble or exalted:— wherever posted by the Lord of Hosts, yet posted best, as if alone it was the mission of our life thus there to act !

As in some oriental play sublime, all characters, the dead as well as living, in Epilogue they meet : thus actors we innumerable all-once more shall meet on History's copious stage before the great applauding audience of Humanity, that would with grateful cheer fill hill and dale :

Till then Oh loving friends, Fare well ! Fare well !

(3)

Whereever may my humble ashes lie: in the Andaman's sad brook whose weeping course adds to its dreariness a tongue or stored by Ganga's sacred crystal stream in which the stars their midnight measures dance:–They will be stirred with fire and glow when Victory's trumpet–blasts proclaiming ' Shri Ram has crowned his chosen people's brow with laurels golden green ! The Evil spirit is cast away and chased back to the deep from whence it first arose ! and lo ! She lordly stands, our Mother Ind, a beacon light Humanity to guide ! Oh martyred saints and soldiers, do awake ! The battle is won in which you fought and fell ! !–

Till then Oh loving friends, farewell ! farewell ! !

(4)

Watch sleeplessly the progress of our mother and learn to count it, not by so much work done or tried, but by how much they suffered, what sacrifice our people could sustain.! For work is chance but sacrifice a Law; foundation firm to rear a mighty Dome of Kingdoms new and great !– but only great if their roots be in martyr's ashes laid. Thus work for mother's glory till God's breath be rendered back, the Godly mission done – a martyr's wreath or victor's crown be won ! !

पत्र ३ रें.

(१९१० सालचा डिसेंबर ! उद्यां खटल्याचा निर्णय लागून फांशीची व काळे पाण्याची खिरापत आरोपितांत वाटली जाणार ! सर्व आरोपित देशभक्तांत विनायकरावांनां सर्वांत कठोरतम शिक्षा मिळून त्यांचे स्वतंत्र आयुष्याचा अंत होणार हेंहि निश्चित. केवळ प्रश्न इतकाच कीं, वधगृहांत कीं क्वचित त्याहूनही कष्टप्रद असणाऱ्या यावज्जीवन बंदीगृहांत ? त्या दिवशीं आपल्या आयुष्याचा *अंत असा संनिध पाहून आपल्या सहाभियुक्त (co-accused)* देशभक्तांत जे शीघ्रच सुटण्याचा संभव होता त्यांचे हस्तें आपल्या मातृभूमीस व ज्ञाति बांधवांस त्यांच्या ऋणाच्या फेडींतला हा *" पहिला हप्ता " असा भरपाई करून धाडला.)*

पहिला हप्ता.

मानुनि घे साची । अल्प स्वल्प तरि सेवा अपुल्या अर्भक
वालांची ॥ धृ ॥

ऋण हें बहु झालें । तुझ्या स्तनींचें स्तन्य पाजुनी धन्य अह्मां
केलें ॥ जननी धन्य अह्मां केलें ॥

ऋण तें फेडाया । हप्ता पहिला तप्तस्थंडिलीं देह अर्पितों हा ॥
जननी देह० ॥

सर्वेचि जन्मुनियां । त्वन्मोचन–हवनांत हवी करुं पुनः पुन्हां
देहा ॥ जननी पुनः पुन्हां ॥

चाल ॥ सारथी जिचा अभिमानी । कृष्णजी आणि राम सेनानी ॥
अशि तीस कोटि तव सेना ॥
ती अह्मां विना थांबेना ॥
परि करुनि दुष्ट–दलदलना ॥
रोंविलची स्वकरीं । स्वातंत्र्याचा हिमालयावरि झेंडा जरतारी ॥
जननी ॥

(तरिहि तूं) मानुनि घे साची । अल्प स्वल्प ही सेवा अपुल्या
अर्भक बालांची ॥ जननी ॥

पत्र ४ थें

(When in June 1911 Mr. Savarkar was sentenced to two transportations for life and exiled and imprisoned in the Cellular Jail in the Andmans, along with his brother Mr. Ganeshpant, and his younger brother Dr. N. D. Savarkar was under going the sentence for 6 months regorous imprisonment in Indian Jail. There was none left outside to whom Mr. V. D. Savarkar, could have addressed a letter at all ! For holding correspondence with him was enough to get marked out and fall under the suspicion of the Police ! So Mr. Savarkar did not like to involve any one till his brother was released and settled and could regularly correspond. The following letters were all sent from the [illegible]

man Isles and all of them have been sanctioned and passed out by the authorities there. Mr. Savarkar was allowed to write a letter to home only once a year !)

॥ ॐ ॥

D/ 15-12-12.

Dearest brother,

Thus it is *after 18 months I have a chance to touch pen & ink again :* At this rate one can quickly unlearn the art of writing altogether : you must have been very anxious about this delay but as you had received a letter from our dearest Baba in July, I thought it would be more assuring to you to hear from us a few months later than at about the same time. How glad was I to learn that you have joined the medical course and are doing well. How do you like that course. To me it is a noble course : I should like you to take not only Medicine but the Science of Physiology itself as your special province. Please to follow it up not only as a profession but as a pursuit. It opens out an inexaustible field for charity and benevolence. It is respected all over the world, in the Hotenttots as well as in the Aryans. The study of body – a temple where in the soul lives – is next to the study of the soul itself.

Your choice of books last year was simply capital. Moropant, Bharat, Vivekanand–all standard books. Out of the books asked for by me only ज्ञेयमीमांसा and अज्ञेयमीमांसा did not come – why? I have sent a list for this year, but *do not spend* more than 10 rupees on my books. If the list comes to more than that please go on omitting from the bottom. You need not buy all books new. You can send some second-hand ones if you like.

And how do you like Bengal? By this time after the Puja holidays you are back to Calcutta – and must have grown quite into a Bengali Babu – is not it? Forgotten Marathi language? Please take care you do not lose something else. For I am afraid I might hear at any time that some one in those clever Bengalis has stolen your heart away:-Though I for one should like so much to have found a dear little Bengali sister-in-law, I am as strongly in favour of these inter–provincial marriages among the Hindus as I am deadly opposed to the practice of marrying the European girls *at this stage* of our national life.

And now my dear Bal, something about me here: My health is all right. Ever since I came to this jail I never had a serious illness and have managed to keep my weight just what it was when I came here. I am both physically and mentally doing well – believe me, dearest, in some respects

so well that I had hardly ever done so before: for life in a jail, for good, for evil, is a unique chance. Man can never go out of it exactly as he came in. He goes out far better or far worse. Either more Angelic or more Feindish. Fortunately for me my mind has so quickly adapted itself to the changes in circumstances. It seems so strange that a nature so restless and active, roaming over continents, should so quickly feel quite at home in a cell hardly a dozen feet in length. And yet one of the kindest gifts of the Providence to Humanity is this plasticity, this adaptability of human mind to the ever-changing environments of life.

When early in the morning and late in the evening I try a bit of Pranayam and then pass insensibly into a sweet sound sleep – Oh how calm and quiet is that rest; so calm that when I get up in the morning it is long before I can realize again that I am in a prison cell lying on a wooden plank. All the common aims and allurements of Mankind having receded far, the conscience is perfectly pleased with itself with the conviction of having served under *His* banner and served to some purpose. A calm, a sweet equanimity is left with my soul and it lulls my mind in an intense peace. *There are exceptions* but this is the general rule. In fact if I be suddenly dropped in the midst of Bombay or London I think I will have to shout with the hermit in शाकुन्तल:—" जनाकीर्णमन्ये हुतवहपरीतम् गृहमिव ॥ "

And even if hearing the market gossip your mind sometimes sighs " Oh still his life would have been more useful and dazzling outside " even then remember that those who work outside, work much; but those who work in the prison work *more* : and after all, my dearest Bal,·don't you think that suffering is in itself work – intense because subtle !

I get up in the morning when the Bell goes on at 5 A. M. At its sound I feel as if I have entered a higher College for a higher study. Then we are doing our work of regour till 10 A. M. while my hand and feet are automatically doing the given task, my spirit avoiding all detection is out for a morning trip, and across seas and oceans, over hills, and dales it roams sipping only pleasent things, and things noble, like a bee amongst the flowers. Then I compose some new lines. Then we dine and at 12 noon work again. From 4 P. M. comes rest; reading &c. This is the usual round of life here.

In your answer please inform me how our dear Motherland is getting on ? Is the Congress united ? Does it pass the resolution for the release of the Political prisoners from year to year as it did at Allahabad in 1910 ? Any remarkable Swadeshi enterprise like the iron works of Tata or Steam Navigation Company or new Mills ? How is the

Republic of China? Does it not sound like *Utopia realized?* : : : A Romance of History : Don't suppose that China's work is a day's. No! from 1850 they have been strenuously at it, though the world knows not where the Sun is making its way – till it is risen : and Persia, Portugal and Egypt? And are the Indians in South Africa successful in getting their demands? Please to mention if any important law has been passed by the new councils, e. g. the Education Bill of the Hon. Mr. Gokhale. When the great Tilak is due to be released?

Did you show my letter to my beloved Yamuna? Please translate all to her. It is only a few years more – not more than 5 when a better day will dawn. So my *beloved wife hold on* as nobly as you have done : My most respectful pranams to my dearest *Vahini – she* who had been-and is still through her blessings – a mother, a sister and a friend at the same time : I cannot name, for obvious reasons, others whose memory my heart is now overwhelmingly full : *Tell them all that I remember* each and all of them. How can I forget *them?* No, a man in a prison can not forget. The mind, shut up from the new impressions can only feed on the old ones, and so in a prison so far from forgetting old acquaintances that one vividly remembers and begins to love even those who were before forgotton : *My sweet friends, in a prison*

one weeps and weeps and vainly waits for some one to come to wipe the tears – to speak a word of affection, and love. Oh, in a prison how can I forget? To all those please give my affection and love who you know were, my sweet friends and comrades and dearer than life to me, and to those who even when some were not ashamed to disown the ties of blood, *are still* standing by *you* and remember me *my deepest obligations are due* : : : They know that a letter from a jail must be more or less stereotyped, and hence no names. Please give my ashirwadas to dear Mai, my only sister and Vasant, my only hope. Also remember me to dear Mami and little Champi.

with all love

I remain, your own

brother

Sd/- TATYA,

॥ ॐ ॥

॥ श्रीराम ॥

Cellular jail

15-2-14

Port Blair.

My beloved Bal

And now come along:-a year has rolled by and the happy day has come back again! Only those

with credit. Examination or no examination, you must not neglect your health. No. I long to see you robust, bubbling with health and freshness & vigour. The dawn of youth, that is just breaking upon you, is the very fountain of life and energy. So do not waste it by over work of any one member in excess of the rest. But grow in harmony, brain and body. You are a Doctor yourselves and it is a bit of presumption on a layman's part, to insist on good health. But then, youth is blind and forgets to lay by, a fund of energy and life, while the vital forces are still welling up from within, and the organism is growing so that when the winter of age comes, they may have abundant fund of vitality to draw on. Otherwise if your eyesight is weakened, if you look like the willow of a man – I will shout out " Physician, heel thyself "! (Don't laugh in the sleeves–for I am *not* a physician and so I can afford to have a bad eyesight ! For all lawyers have it – at least ought to have !) And how proud am I to know that some of my pet lambs, have come out first class B. A.s and M. A.s : That is noble ! But then nobler when the field of duty that faces them now, is also well fought and well won, and they are hailed therein too, as deserving of its gold medals, for before the gold medals of that great corporation of Man, the gold medals of these socalled ' Universities ' are as of tinsel ! I should be so glad to hear from them personally – for some of them

are never absent from my memory even down to this day : About those who inform you voluntarily to do so, write to me by naming and particularizing.

The books which you sent, are simply capital. The महात्मा परिचय – what a fine translation. – and the introduction of two lines how modest and appropriate–" फोडिलें भांडार, धन्याचा हा माल। मी तव हमाल भारवाही " ! ! ! I liked it awefully. And the ' जाईचा मंडप ?' no sooner did I go through a dozen of pages, then each time, each word began to pulsate harmoniously with my heart, and I knew who could have written it ! The language is worthy of the sentiments, the sentiments so poetic and sublime, worthy of the theme, and the theme worthy of both. I wish that such popular series as the भारत गौरव माला realize their responsibility of guiding and not only tickling the popular fancy and so publish every now and then political history, science and economy, e. g. mills representative Govt. etc. About the books on Vedant philosophy:—well I fear it is not opportune that such men should be busy with such things. The Americans need Vedanta philosophy, and so does England : for they have developed their life to that fulness, richness and manliness-to Kshatriyahood and so stand on the thresh–hold of that Brahminhood, wherein alone the capacity to read and realize such philosophy can co – exist. But India has not. We are at present all शूद्रs and cannot claim access to the Veda and Vedanta.

That is the underlying ideas why शूद्रs were not allowed to read Vedas; not, certainly not, for cruelty, nor for narrow or vested interest – otherwise पुराणs would not have been written by the very Brahmins expounding the same philosophy more lucidly. We, as a Nation, are unfit for these sublime thoughts, for it is well known that Bajirao II was a great Vedantist & that's why, perhaps, he could not see the differance between a kingdom and a pension. Let us study History, political science, Science, economy, live worthily in this world, fulfil the गृहस्थाश्रम–the householder's duties–and then the वानप्रस्थाश्रम & its philosophic dawn might come. And whatever these works are meant to do, they might be left to be written by widows, old men and pensioners, out of offices. *They* should live in the past – old works and old puzzles of God & soul & man. The young, the youth – why not live in the future? Talk of Vedanta !– Benaras has not produced a single martyr & they cannot give up a farthing for their fatherland !!!

And now, something about myself here:—well, during the last year, I had no illness, whatever. My health is excellant and my weight, as yet, unreduced and that is a feat, is it not? In this tiny cellular sanitoriam, I get up early take regular amount of food regularly, and go to bed early – in fact *have to do* all these things and so "early to bed

and early to rise" is making me healthy – (though not) " wealthy and wise "! In fact you, Oh! would be Doctor Saheb ! could not have devised a better time table for your patients. And, good as is the health of my body, the health of my mind is better still. Any work hard or mean, I ply myself to, humming every now and then, " स्वे स्वे कर्मण्यभिरतः संसिद्धिं लभते नरः " or " यतः प्रवृत्तिर्भूतानां येन सर्वमिदं ततम्। स्वकर्मणा तमभ्यर्च्य सिद्धिं विंदान्ति मानवाः or सर्वारंभाहि दोषेन धूमेनाग्निरिवावृताः !! And every evening – for now a days I am in a cell from which a bit of the Sky is visible – I watch the glorious sunset and the pomp of light and shade and loose myself in the rose and the lilly, and the lilac of the west; thinking now this and now that; from the poets ' एकतस्तटतमालमालिनीम् । पश्यधातुधातुरसनिम्नगामिव ' or तेनमानिनि ममात्रगौरवम् to the profoundest fancies of idealist philosophers, that all that seems is but subjective affection and there is nothing objective to correspond to it – at least *we* do not know of it. And my mind is perfectly happy – happy even as it was in his company there – with her company there !! And if at times, the mind like a child gets silly and simply will weep – then the Grand Reason steps in and smiles " well sweet heart, what ails thee ? – what unknown you suffer ? How silly ! Did you want to ride on the crest of ambition, drive in the chariot of self glorification yourself ? If you did, well, – then you deserved to be baffled and defeated in such a selfish and demoralising ambition!–

best and then we do not care for the result – we shall be happiest. As yet jail has left no mark, no shadow on us for anything worse – and all this health is *in spite* of circumstances and not in virtue of them. You have written about the petition you sent to the authorities here enquiring about the time of visit &c. Well in fact I ought to have been, according to the practice here, released from this cellular jail and allowed to live on the island – my "behaviour" is admittedly good: But then neither of us is released. I am trying to request the Govt. to reconsider this and you too whenever you want to know anything be writing to the authorities here. Very soon our dearest Baba will have done his 5 years and you can then claim a visit. But our release and permission to bring out relations here to live with us, the authorities here can do very little, though they can do every thing in the case of other convicts. Nor they are very much to be blamed, for orders we suppose come directly from the Indian Govt. So you better send a petition the Indian Govt., whenever you fail to know anything directly from the authorities here. But even as it is do not worry yourself about any arrangements concerning us. The Govt. will do in all likelihood all that justice demands, them-selves. And we shall be reminding them every now and then. What else we have to do? You only

care for your health and safety. I am glad to remember what I told you in the High Court. . .

Assure our beloved Yamuna that these four years will not pass without ushering the dawn of a happier day. So let that noble heart and that heart – our dearest Vahini hold on! – hold on even as they have been doing up to this time!! Let them read all मराठी literature and not only the old mythological works but new and current and living streams of life's expression in West and East. It was a sad Pride that I felt when I heard the noble death of our noble comrade and brother Sakharam.* You know it was in the High School days that we first saw each other! He lived bravely – died bravely. What more can one wish for oneself! His wife, dear Janki Vahini – well I have not seen her and yet have seen her through your pen–pictures. All that I feel for her that she is *not* poor, *not* ill-starred – but called upon to play the holiest part in life even because it is the lonliest! Remember me to her. And how is tiny Vasant? Will the great little man write me a word? He is now some

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* Sakharam Gorhe:— he was one of those accused persons in the Nasik revolutionary conspiracy trial who stated in the High court to have been subjected to police tortures and morpolurs starvatonary to wring out confessions from them so as to implicate other persons as well. The High Court held that the story was an exaggeration and partly a fabrication! History in the long end may record who was right and spoke truth. All that can be said now is that Sakharam did not implicate a[illegible] one else, was [illegible] sentenced for 5 years R. imprisonment and died [illegible] martyr's death.

7 years old, is he not? And his mother? Oh! I saw her for the last time in the Dongri Jail! A sister is one of the richest gifts that a man can have!! Give my love to her and a sweet kiss to that great little gentleman – my Vasant! Also remember me to all our relations – one and all–and above all to her who though not a relation and even *because* she is not a relation, whom I used to call jockingly the mother of the party and whom now in all seriousness and gratefulness I call as my own mother, and who is standing by you and remembers me – give her my most grateful regards nd loving remembrances – names not to utter ich seems a sacrilage and yet which cannot be uttered, *for their own sake*, from a prison wherein not only legs but tongues too are fettered! Well you know them all I told you who were nearest to my heart as my most intimate friends – to all of them give my love, my fresher love! If some of them voluntarily ask you to be particularized in letters to me from you I will then imburden my heart and name them. The books that are to be sent to me I write down here. The time is up and so my sweetest Bal, I am with most reluctant steps receding and tearing myself away from you.

Your own brother

TATYA,

॥ ॐ ॥

॥ श्रीराम ॥

Cellular jail
9-3-1915
Port Blair

Best beloved Bal:—

And once again my pen after a Ripvanwincle's sleep is wakened and hastens to acknowledge the receipt of your letter received some 7-8 months ago. To have a letter from you is like to see you: for partly owing to the Cinematographic flashes with which your letter abounds and partly owing to the wonderful faculty, with which the solitude of a Prison, endowes the power of hearing in man — faculty, which enables one to visualize the thing heard, as in the case of those born blind. Whenever I hear from you, I succeed in almost seeing you and all those dear faces and dear scenes that constitute our happy little home on the banks of the musical Godavari. Our dearest brother Baba and myself are happy in seeing you doing well and as long as you take care of your health and try your best to lead a life, at once noble and happy and healthy, you need not be anxious about our health, mental and physical. The books which you sent last year were 16 and this year's 13 (4 English 2 Oct. 2 Nov.

The rest Sanskrit and Vernacular). Please to write whether this is correct. Next time you send a parcel, please to send a list with it in your own handwriting, so that we may be able to check the postal delivery. I was glad to read समाजरहस्य (why you send two copies of it ?). It is a very good novel. One thing more – among the social institutions, – the greatest curse of India is the system of castes. The mighty current of Hindu life is being threatened to perish in bogs and sands. It is no good saying 'we will reduce it to four – caste – system first.' That would not and should not be. It must be swept away, root and branch. The best means to that effect is a crusade against it, in all forms of literature, especially drama and novel. Every true patriot should cease to be double dealing and speak out his mind clearly and *act* up to it. The only care to be taken, being not to pay so much attention and not to create so much fuss in this side-issue and our internal relation as to forget and hamper and thwart the Issue – our Relation with the world – but for the right adjustment of which, no internal questions can be satisfactarily solved, or solved to any substantial purpose. So, I shall like to have a number of goodly written novels, like the समाजरहस्य, which would attack this effete and unjust social curse. It had done much good in the past, but it is dead now : So let us bury it, – with tears if you like. I am glad to hear

that the Govt. is going to allow you to see me this year. Please to thank the authorities for it. But I am firmly of opinion, that dear Vahini should not be put to troubles of the voyage this year. You should come alone and when you see all the facilities or otherwise here and know the best way to bring her, then the next time you come to see me, you may bring her, and dear Mai too. I feel it a duty to forego the inestimable pleasure of seeing those dearest ones this year, for the sake of their convenience. So, please come alone this year.

It sent a thrill of delight in my heart to hear that the Indian troops were allowed to go to Europe, in their thousands to fight against the best military power in the world and that they had acquainted themselves with such splendour and were covered with military glory. Thank God ! Manliness after all is not dead yet in the land ! And what a funny thing ! We have been trying our best to encourage foreign travel and used to congratulate ourselves if a dozen could be sent a year !– and now Providence has done what we could not – thousands of Hindus, orthodox like the Gurkhas and Rajputs and reformed like the Shikhs have crossed the sea and under the Govt. patronage ! ! Now let our Pandits sit hatching over the eggs of शास्त्रार्थ, to see if foreign travel is permissible to the Hindus or not ? – permissible or not – the Hindus *have* crossed the sea, and in crossing it they have crossed an

epoch ! What the crusades have done for Europe, by bringing it in contact with the superior civilization of Asia, this confliet with the Europeans of our Hindu troops across the seas, will do for India – for Asia.

As for the petition, that is made for the release of Political prisoners in the Panjab we can hardly thank them sufficiently for this their charitable deed. You may be knowing by this time, that some of us have already volunteered, to go to the front of the War and I am glad to inform you that Govt. have made a special note of it, though no answer could come as yet.

By the by, please to write of the the rumour that some M. P. had asked a question in the Parliment about me, or some of us before the war broke out, be true and if so the particulars of it. Did you get the poems on Guru and Ravi ?

It pained me very much to hear, that Hon. Gokhale was dead. He was after all, a great patriot. True, at times, especially in panics, he used to say and do things, which he himself must have been ashamed of a few months after, to own. But then, his life was dedicated to the service of Motherland and there was very little personal and selfish about him. All along his life, he served Her and for the good of Her, as he saw it. How anxious I was to see him,

before death parted us; and to 'compare notes' as he had said to me in London when we saw each other for the last time. We could not agree on certain points and he said " well Mr. Savarkar, come ! we will see each other after some six years and then would compare notes " ! Maharastra must send some one – worthier than he – to his place in councils. If every Indian could do at least as much as he did !

Next time you send books please send the novels जन्मभूमि and गौतम which brother is very eager to read. I was very much afraid that owing to the invasion of France you would be unable to hear from Madam Cama – who had been ever since my coming here a second mother to you and who had so nobly and so faithfully stood by us in the darkest hour of our life. But I was very glad to be assured that she, even in the midst of this world – hubbub, remembered you and had regularly been sending letters to you. At the touch of one such faithful, noble, unshaken loving hand, one's heart recovers its belief in Humanity – belief rudely shaken by the disappearance of the closest and by the treachery of the truest and by the indifferance of the dearest. It is a pity I can not write to the dear lady and tell her how I esteem her noble life and her solicitude for the needy and the distressed,– and love and long to see her once more : but as it is please to give her

all my esteem and respects before you give them to any of our relatives: for what wonder they do something for us? Wonder is how she does and does so much.

While I reading the books you sent I see that in the Telagu provinces the new life that is struggling to find expression all over India, has been sweeping over our brethren there. The Andhra Sabha आंध्रसभा is a great and grand movement but the question of getting that province separated from the Tamil one is not enobling. But what pained me most and what was but a natural corollary from the desire of petty provincialisms was that the national shouts were 'आंध्र माताकी जय': ! In this little thing and straw we see the direction of an ominus wind to come. This is one of the unhealthy reactions of the grand Swadeshi movement and must be corrected before it is too late. The Swadeshi connected in Bengal with the little partition question brought in this reaction. Every province wants to be separated, and shouts and invokes long life to itself! But how can the province live unless the Nation lives? They all – Maharastra, Bengal, Madras,– are great and will live long but through Her,– India! So let us not say 'आंध्रमाताकी' but 'भारतमाताकी जय' of whom आंध्र is only a limb, and let us sing not 'बंग आभार' but 'हिंद आभार'! all provinces and petty languages instead of asking to be separated,

should try to get amulgamated and remove the barriers that yet remain and destroy the confusion of tongues and not to hug to it. Smaller nationalities! Is not Belgium a sufficeint warning? The greatest good that the British Govt. has done without meaning it, is to melt and mould the disintegrating factions of our Motherland and hammer us into a one people. Now instead of trying to remove whatever stands in the way of its consummation, we are on the one hand hugging to the fetters that were the necessary price of this boon and trying to turn the very boon into a curse, on the other.

Now I think I had written all that I felt and wanted to ask about your letter and the books you sent. Next time you please to send me the books the list of which I subjoin. Instead of sending a parcel you may bring them *with* you if you come before September 1st. If not send a parcel. Please to answer this letter as soon as you have carried the necessary communication with our friends. I am extremely glad that you could see the gentleman you reffered to in your letter. I knew you would like each other very soon for birds of the same feathers gather together. Please to give my affection and best remembrances to him. I remember him every now and then. How is our dear Professor getting on? My heart gladdens at the thought that by this time

one more bird must have come back to that dear little nest after sustaining a flight through dreary deserts of burning stands, where no drop cools the thirsty heart and no dew vivifies the parched flower of hope. In his release and the release of so many of them I feel as if my own partial release had come. If poor dear Sakharam too would have been there to-day ! Though foolish and almost dishonorable to feel he should have been living who has done better to die in such a cause - still the heart feels.

As far as we are concerned I again assure you not to be anxious about us at all. All the terms-prisoners of our case had been sent back to India, and we lifers (life-transportees) only remain. As long as the war is going on, I on principle, have made up my mind not to ask for anything so as to embarass the authorities here; and at present both of us are keeping good health and Captain - now Major Murray is superintending the jail affairs. As long as he is here, you may rest assured that nothing that evinces a personal rancour will be done or said; no underhand pin-pricks, beyond what the regulations require. Every letter you send and every book will be duly delivered. As far as our daily life is concerned, well, it is going on in the same even way as it did last year. In a prison what happens on the first day happens always - if

nothing *worse* happens. In fact it seems to be the essence of prison discipline to avoid all novelty, all change. Like specimen and curios in a museum – here we are each exactly in the same place and same position, bottled and labelled with the same numbers with more or less dust about us; and the guide book that I wrote to you in my last years' letter may serve the purpose of discription as long as I am here. We get up early – work hardly, eat punctually – at the same time, at the same place and the same amount and kind of food prepared with the same matchless prison – skill and medical care –; I read much in the time that can be spared from work and sometimes in the evening attack many flowers – now remembered only in names – and flower like themes with blank verse and then sleep. Here one thing must be said. Although it is true that prisoners are not free to do or say what they will yet to the credit of the jail authorties it must be admited that every one is absolutely free to dream what he likes. And I assure you I take the fullest advantage of this concession. Almost every night I tell you I break jail and out by dale and down and by tower and town go on romping till I find some one of you – some one who somewhere had been held close to my bosom – Every night I do it but my beneficient jailors [illegible] no notice of it. You have only to wake in the [illegible] that is all they say.

I hope just at the end of the war you send a public petition for the release of us. The thing is this. Not only in India but but even in any free and self-governing country the Govt. *can not* release political prisoners unless the Govt. are backed up and supported by the wish of the people to that effect. An exercise of the right of amnesty can not be made by the king or the president unless the people are willing to have the prisoners back. If Indians are willing and petitions to that effect go at the end of the war we may be released and if Indians are not willing to have us back neither the Govt. can release us nor it is worth while to have that release. Port Blair is willing to have me and I am here. I have no wish to thrust myself on any people unwilling to have me back. At any rate you may ask for our being sent out of this jail just as *all* other prisoners - even those who had been sentenced here additionally - are allowed to go and settle on the island and bring their family here; in short all the concessions that the prisoners get under the regulations here in force. In this we ask nothing special and this by repeated petitions from you and us both we in all probability will succeed in getting.

Last year in the letter of our dearest Vahini she had not written how the little Dhondi was? She is married? Please to give my best love to our beloved Yamuna - how is her health? Does

she read? In what class or college is my dear Balvantrao? And the other children? Give my best love and respects to my dearest elder sister-in-law – whose life is a record of self-sacrifice and noble enduring and calm and silent suffering for no fault of her and for the good of others, and also to my younger Vahini whose kind remembrances of me I got last year through our Mai's letter. I remember them and all other beloved friends every day. At every corner that my mind takes in its aimless rambles their dear image is sure to be met and then my mind is sure to stop and build a new temple of a sweet and a sad Tear and hold them there a while and worship them who made my life as it is and pray they do not forget me. Whoever allowed, may be for a minute – the right of *loving and being loved* by me – I worship them all in the same temple and on the same pantheon my *petts* and *boonfriends* my *comrades* and *chums* ! !

Well my dearest brother I am glad your study of medicine is promising to be fruitful. Do not *injure health* for the sake of study. Let me know your weight. Now my dearest Bal with all my love and with my choicest आशिर्वादs to you and our dear little Vasant and our sister Mai. Will you allow me to tear myself from your sweet mental communion.

Your own brother

TATYA,

॥ ॐ ॥

॥ श्रीराम ॥

Cellular jail
6-7-1916
Port Blair.

My beloved Bal

ind sweet Shanta:—

Please accept my and my brother's heartiest congratulations upon your entering the second stage of life – the life of wedded love. Nobly hast thou, dear Bal! fulfilled the first stage of your life – the stage of self culture and self sacrifice. Thou possessest the golden keys to the treasured wealth of knowledge both ancient and modern, in the acquaintance with Sanskrit and English languages. The final examination that you have passed in Medicine is bound to stand you in good stead, in any part of the world and inspite of any laws passed by a narrow misguided legislature; while your pen has already made its influence felt in Maharastra in both the fields of prose and poetry. On the other hand the responsibilities and duties of that stage could not have been better discharged and fulfilled. When the storm began to gather over our Mother it found you unmoved and firm at your post – it burst and left you undaunted and true, and among the many faithless yet faithful! The enthusiasm, to awaken which

of health that a young lady dissipates is so much that is taken away from the strength of souls that are yet to rise. She is a golden link that joins the Yesterday to the Morrow; a Promise that holds in it the possibilities of her race. Therefore the first care of a wife should be Her Health that would harmonise the beauties of her body and mind and soul. So neither study nor pleasure should entice her away so as to tax her energy too much, but both should be indulged in only so far as to render that Health perfect and that Beauty transperantly pure.

your present address. From that I see you are in Bombay, at present. Would you settle in that unhealthy and cramped in city ! Would not the rising free Baroda suit better where the enlightened prince Sayaji rules ? But all that as you choose and not I – for you are on the spot and *know* how to judge best. One thing only I would insist upon and that is you must not in any case risk your Health and freedom – personal freedom. This is – depend upon me – perfectly not only permissible but positively commendeable in *your* case and the case of those who stand as you do. In other cases too much attention to personal considerations is undoubtedly demoralizing; but you cannot pay too much attention to it. Be anywhere in the world – in the Forests of Africa – in the Republics of America – the medical knowledge that you possess is sure to serve a passport and a safe guard to you. For indeed whereever death is Doctors also can be – (Ugh ! Seen very angry ? Of course I mention this with all due respect to the Majesty of Medicines – in fact in order to exalt it.) Therefore do nothing that would do injury to your Health and also, nay more so, the health of Shanta. She should of course be encouraged to read more and to write even if she chooses; but the first and foremost consideration of a young lady should be her health. It is a trust she holds for others, a debt she owes to generations not yet born. Every atom

that direction is to restore to love her sole privilege and right of presiding over the wedding rights. Indeed, we can no longer be blind to the fact that we care more for the good breeding of cattle and fowls than for the Eugenics of man. Centuries of child marriages and marriages by proxies! Centuries of Love banished from its legitimate sphere of influence to attract and develop elements that tend to the betterment of body and mind and soul:—and the inevitable result is a race puny, debilitated, all vigour and manhood sapped out of it. Thousand things have wrought this – and the marriage customs that prevail in us are one of the few important factors contributing to it. Authorities should come in to sanctify but not to silence love altogether. And glad was I therefore that, the age, the education, the part that mutual attraction and esteem played in welding your hearts together and above all the sanction of all those who feel – drawn towards us should have enabled you to have realized that in which I thought our family should not lag behind. Or in short when dear Bhau has sanctified it with his blessings it goes without saying that it must have been just after my heart.

And now Doctor Saheb, where are you going to settle? Only yesterday I was told to write this second letter as the first had been lost in the Post office by accident. Although it must have c[illegible] you a lot of anxiety yet to me it enabled to [illegible]

amongst their youth Europe has been holding before their eyes the glories of iron crosses and Victoria crosses and unrolling rolls of honour – that enthusiasm and Faith had been displayed by you who discarded even the reward of public acclamation nobly therefore hast thou completed the first stage of your life and now enter ye–, dear Bal and beloved Shanta !– on the happiest and most exalted stage of life, the life of wedded love. May thy path, dear Bal, be strewn with roses and may thy youth, dear Shanta blossom forth in Amaranthuses and gold! Domestic happiness –" the only bliss of Paradise that has survived its fall" may bless your nuptial shed! मधुनक्तमुतोषसि मधुमत् पार्थिवं रजः (The dawn, the evening sweet and grateful be the Earth)!!

You perhaps remember that in one of my letters I had just dropped a suggestion to the effect that it would not have surprised me if some one amongst the clever Bengalis had stolen your heart! After all the expected had very nearly happened. For though I long to see the day, when inter-provincial marriages amongst the Hindus would throw down the artificial and harmful barriers of castes and creeds and the Great River of Life – our Hindu Life would, having freed itself of all bogs and sands, flow in an ever fresh and mighty current – uninterrupted and uninterruptable–still the first and foremost thing to be effected in

Our citizens have not been forced to subsist only on a reduced scale of meal and Potatoes as the Germans are said to die for the simple reason that we never ate any ! Whatever we eat we grow – grass and such other edibles while these solid and aspiring walls of my jail have reduced the very walls of China a mere heap of debris. Those walls could, and that too not very effectively stop the outsiders from rushing in but these walls while doing that can also effectively prevent any one inside from going out : no ! on pain of death no ! Thus we, like a little world organized to serve as a prototype and a foretaste of the hope, of the Humanitarians. When the war shall have been banished from the realms of man, live – I beg your pardon– exist – as peacefully and quietly as to put to shame the very realm of Death.

As to the interview – I think it is best to wait till this war be over. For to a certain extent we can understand the hesitation of the Govt. in granting it now. And even after the War the letters that you may write to them for the interview should be only on the ground that every other prisoner is allowed a visit so should I after 5 years and not on the ground of any anxiety of our hearts to meet. For in that case even if they do not grant it we shall at least have the manly satisfaction of not having displayed the most sacred and the most human of all wounds – the wounds of separation – to

an alien and unsympathetic eye. Again whatever you wish to write in amelioration of my conditions here should be written directly to Delhi. For almost nothing lies in the hands of the authorities here as far as change, especially for the better, is concerned in my case and whatever they can do they are doing and I would request them to do if possible, when it be left undone. I know that some of you though sure and certain that I shall not break down under this imprisonment are still grieved to think that I should have been suffering all this and should have been forced to desist from *all work* social or political or even litarary. But brother just think–is suffering no work? Who worked more for Christianity – they who suffered in silence and unknown or they who worked? Surely both; but I suspect that those who work for a good cause outside, work much – but they who suffer for it in prisons and fields work more. *At bottom* work, if true, is suffering and suffering, if true *is* work. Suffering is the motor, the power that moves, and goads and propels a people. Unless the best amongst them suffer the the rest can not work. Both are grand, both are indispensible, if both be indispensible, then what grief if we be chosen and ordered to guard this post rather than that? I bless myself that *this* fell to my lot! Do not grieve, brother, that I sit in darkness and simply waiting while every one else is lighting his or her lamp to shed light on the path of man.

Do you not remember that "Her State is queenly: thousands at her bidding post; – they also serve who only stand and wait!"

And how much more then do they who not only wait but suffer and yet *Stand*!! The worker is great for he puts stone upon stone and chisels and moulds; but then the *cement* of the Church? – is the sufferer! The martyr that bleeds!!

And indeed, Bal! you can hardly beleive how happy I feel from moment to moment – strange breezes of bliss pass and repass kissing all the inevitable physical worry and weakness into ever fresh and ever blossoming joy of the soul at rest. I feel just as I used to feel in the college days after some final examination had been satisfactorily gone through and went to stay home quietly but confident by expecting the welcome news of passing. This Great Trial, This Test, to achieve the diliverance of the Mother!– and so satisfactorily gone through as far as I was concerned! and now I have come Home here and am confidently expecting the Great News that must come! Oh! how I sleep soundly – how sweet the thing; for I worked so strenuously in the Day and while I was required at Her head-quarters that as soon as this night came sleep fell as gently on my eyelids as dew. There are moments when ugly dreams trouble – desire to shine and see light – but at the first touch of analysis the self

stands revealed and the dreams melt away, are swept away – and calm once more sets in. Oh when some times after such a sleep I wake in my cell and hear the waves idly breaking on the beach just outside my little, high placed and barred window I remember the lines of Kalidas प्रासाद वातायन दृश्यवीचिः । प्रबोधयत्यर्णव एव सुप्तम् ! and fancying myself like that king I laugh and play and joke – all with myself! Such thoughts are suggested by that consciousness of a rest that is at the same time the intensity of work – and they in their turn guiling away the mind from the too real heidousness of a prison strengthen that consciousness of that rest. And thus it is a fact that *On the whole* I am and so is our brother happy satisfied and willing to live as long as that must be in the atmosphere of frowns and frettings and harshness, of constant clash and constant discipline every step in which reminds you that you belong to a race of slaves.

The account of your marriage ceremony was very graphically written. As to the writer – he is indeed a very gifted man but with him self diffidence is a great drawback. I think he should first try to write small popular stories and short novels and get them *published* in some of the Magazines for that would give him confidence in himself. Take for example the question of caste system. Let him by suggestive stories paint the harm it is

now doing, *how* it is retarding us from the Great Goal to which all mankind is moving. Then let him write bigger works and so on. To him and to the Sahodar Yamaraj and to all of them give my most affectionate remembrances – my companions of Childhood and chums of the College days and comrades in the field, all they whomever I called mine and to whom I pledged my word I remember them all with fresh affection and esteem. I was glad to know the whereabouts of my dear Rishi! Is he still in the 'Service?' holds the same office? and my new friend! I remember him so much; for he had been so considerate and kind under – even under *these* circumstances: even when he himself had been undergoing the same trial! And then he is so intelligent and active. I have missed the name of our Professor in the account of your marriage ceremony? All my best wishes for him, and my dear and very esteemed Madam Cama! She must have suffered a lot of worry owing to the War! Give her my best and freshest love and tell her that those whom I saw in Paris while I was with her then are ever foremost in my memory – especially the Sannyasin! The photos that you sent have been a constant sourse of happiness to us. My dear Yesu Vahini looks so calm and ever bearing and ever true 'like a Devata,' as one of the officers had said to me when she came to see me in the Bombay jail! My deepest love to her and my Tai and my Shanta.

I am proud of them all ! Next time do not forget to forward the translation of my beloved Yamuna's letter – Noble girl !– poor girl ! a thousand pities ! and yet a thousand glories for her silent and yet intense fixity of purpose. Do not press her to come to Bombay if her parents object. Their judgment and love must be respected. How are all her brothers ? My most humble प्रणाम to my mother and aunt मावशी.

With all love

I am yours—TATYA,

|| ॐ ||

|| श्रीराम ||

Cellular jail
5 August 1917
Port Blair

My beloved Bal

I was extremely glad to get your answer to my last letter which I sent to you in july 1916. How grateful we felt to hear in your latest that you with all our friends are getting on well, and are healthy and happy. Thus it has pleased providence to spare for you another year of bliss and especially of that tender and pure bliss which is only to be found in

the bosom of a devoted and dear family life. You see, my Bal, the times and the climes in which the lot of our generation has fallen, make it so imperative for all noble and honest hearts to choose the path that leads through sorrows and sighs and separations which is the path of duty, that the heart so hardened and accustomed to the hard and merciless blows of fate comes to look upon desasters and disappointments as the very order of nature at any rate of our part in the nature's scheme, and when a delighting event takes place, its attention is more fixed on how temporary such a good luck must be than how good that luck is. To me a joy is ever a solution of tears. Well, any how the days are changed and with changing forture friends too are returning. When I left you in the Dock in Bombay High Court, and had a last look of you not being allowed even to shake hands, waved my hat and parted, my child, at that time the sting of the whole scene was in the thought that we – Dear Baba and I – could not do anything for you, our nearest and dearest charge. So young, so humble and having already suffered more than a man in his whole life does, you, my brother were cast adrift, befriended by none, hated by many, suspected by a powerful Empire ! The family hearth seemed extinguished for ever, the family gods broken to pieces. And although even all that could not deter us from the right nor make me ally myself with

the wrong : Yet it was with a bleeding heart that I wrote "जो वंश बाग उध्वस्त झाला। संतत पुष्प तोचि एक" (the garden that has shed all its flower for the garland of the Gods, is in blossom for ever)· Even the ever greens of hope stood withered and blasted. Only dear Vasanta, that was the bud, a melancholy memory of the past : But now a few kindly touches of the spring have revived the sap and the creepers are putting forth new buds. We had dear Vasant, and we have our Ranjan and God willing we may be blessed with one more messenger of New life. The lamp of love is burning cheerfully under thy roof, and its warm and kind reflections have lightened the utter darkness of my cell here. And the new name of little Ranjan brings to mind the all suffering, the all loving, mother, his grand-mother my dear Mavashi. What a joy it must have been to her ! Please to give my love to that dear little child whom perhaps I may never see ! And tell me whether it understands it or not ! And why did you not write to me about Shanta herself ? You left it to Vahini to do it for you. It is typically Indian but in your next you must write to me directly about your child and everything else. It is this extreme modesty that makes the generality of Indian babes grow rather in the shade than in the full light of their parents' eyes. No, No ! you must look upon it as a special and a sacred charge. It was a pity that our dear Vahini should

have been suffering from Plague. I thought that this dire epidemic had at last by this time left our shores but it seems that it rages there still. Please be very careful of it. Is it a little less rigorous than it used to be? Has not medical science as yet been able to find some reliable cure for it? You should better leave Bombay as soon as it appears there. Nothing can be too costly to avoid its dire claws, if indeed we can not blunt them. The last parcel that I got was in January 1916 and our dear Baba in March 1916 so neither of us has received any parcel for the last eighteen months or so when we ought to have received two. Now this was the reason what made us very anxious about your safety and I had to ask the permission of the Superintendent, who so kindly gave it, to wire to you. But I think we should take as much care as it is possible to avoid any such necessity. The best way would be that letters and parcels should be posted by you in fixed months, if not dates,........

This much, so far as we are considered. But then there is the other party in the game the Post or the Government, and we cannot help suiting things to their pleasure. In your last letter you have written of a parcel lost in the Post and last year my letter also was lost. Now what is the meaning of this. Thousands of Parcels and letters come all right to this place; Only our letters and

parcels should be so mysteriously spirited away. Is it the post? If so please to leave no stone unturned till they give some definite explanation for the loss of this parcel. You must have registered it; Then it would be clear whether and through whose indulgence or malice, my letters and parcels are tampered with. This much for the post office. But if not the post - It is the Government! Well; if so, then, Mum!!! Mum is the word!! As I have learnt to do without so many things which we make life worth having, so also I shall and can learn to do without a yearly parcel too! But one should have thought that when a dozen censors have followed a book from the printer's office to the clearance house and when powerful microscopes have searched the very anatomy of the pages, the books, *at least*, those which are found unobjectionable should have been returned to their owner!

The Nasik conference was really a success. The resolution about the release of the political prisoners has delighted even us, the forlorn and forgotten, and our deep gratitude to those who dare to remember us still. One wonders why the Congress should fight shy of any such thing even after its union. Perhaps the leaders of that body are too much weighed down by the sense of self importance. Perhaps they think themselves too immaculate - far more responsible a band of statesmen and patriots

than General Botha whose Government has released *the leaders Rank and file of the Boer rebellion or Redmond whose nationalists have never ceased to try for the release of the Irish prisoners* till they succeeded in having it. Nor can it be said that " that was a general participation in a rebellion " as Mr. Bonarlaw has attempted to state : for firstly in the Indian Political prisoners also the overwhelming majority are convicts of general participation and secondly the sufferagists though admittedly and case for case had been convicted of " Individual " charges were released by Mr. Asquith long ago. But leave the Congress alone ! At any rate as soon as the war ends please to see if a public Petition for our release could be sent. *Such petitions and resolutions do not in themselves bring such a release, but they at any rate make it more acceptable* if it ever comes. For I for one would indeed *feel it a shame* to go back to a people which dares not, or for all I know wills not to remember those who *loved and love and will never cease to love the land of their birth and rightly or wrongly but fell fighting for Her !* See, see if the petition could be sent. That would be far more significant than any resolutions or meetings.

While together for a minute or so, I said one day to our dear Baba, that there is said to be a

पितृऋण Pitrarina and देवऋण Devarina and ऋषी Rishi-rina &c. So also there is Putrarina पुत्रऋण (Debt due to a son). After the receipt of your letter I felt myself fully acquitted of it ! For after all you are now fully educated and fully fledged. Now come what may at least two years of joy have been bestowed on you by the kind Providence and through you on us. *No day can shine forever*. The life on this earth is like a *three petalled flower*: One is coloured with pleasure, the second with the colour of pain, the third mixed or colourless. Now the petal of pleasure and then that of pain gets *wormed* and thus this vain round of recurrance goes on. Take any letter or any life or even History itself it is more or less a book of mere statistics of so many births and so many deaths, so many weddings and so many mournings, so much colour and so much shade. So while there is a brief respite, a passing ray of joy, a single touch of the spring, let us not forget the hardships of the winter or foolishly depend upon and get addiction to these wines of spring, while they are dancing in the cup. No, No, our,... of those who are born in India in this age... our constant companion is winter and not spring ! Let us not forget–let no young man forget–that our life is a vast Sahara unbearable and still to be borne, sandy, burning. And while we are keeping to the path of duty that passes through this parched desert, if the grace of God places in our path such an

" Oasis " as this with which we have been recently blent, then let us not forget that it is an accident; an art of Grace ! and without haste and rest must continue our way on this holy pilgrimage of life. Let us pray in all humility as the old saints prayed " Give unto us what thou wilt and when thou wilt and how much thou wilt ! And also *take away* from us what thou wilt and how much thou wilt " After all the fine ideal for a young man is not to acquire but to sacrifice, not to rear but "the *garden that sheds all its flowers for the garland of the Gods and* **thus** *is in blosom for ever* "

How is my dear Mai getting on. What a silly idea that I could forget my only Sister ! I may as well get angry and cease to speak with myself. While the day lasts try to save something and invest in some safe form in the name of dear Shanta or dear Ranjan for we can never tell when winter may come again ! ! Nothing could match the ideal constancy of affection of our dear Madam Cama. Even the war has not made her forget you ! Thus it is that many a time the blood is *not* thicker than choice and there are affections which noble hearts alone can know of which neither the lack of blood nor of interest can cool and which growing up in an ideal land flourish and are nursed on forces so subtle that the every day and matter of fact world fails to see or comprehend. ...

How are also my beloved Mai (Yamuna) and Vahinis getting on. My love to them all. How is dear Balu ? When I saw him in the Bombay jail he seemed so upright and so loving a boy ! Now he must be quite a respectable gentleman ? And so also Anna. I expected him to be a clever and able youth and shall be very glad to know how far my guess has been correct. I wish I could know everything about all my brothers including dear Dattu and Nana and what they do. But it is not and cannot be owing to my forgetting them as my dear Yamuna seems to think but for other reasons which she can well understand by her past experiences that refrained me from mentioning in my previous letters. If there be any man or any family next to dear Baba to whom I owe all that is best in me, and owing to whose noble patronage and wining solicitude I had unusual chances and facilities of assimilating the noblest things of this world and even of doing something for our common Mother-land, then that man and that family is theirs : (Chiploonkers). But the sence of having been the cause of so much worry and loss and pain to them with whom the dearest ties of blood and love and mutual respect have bound me, has already been so keen a source of sadness and mental unhappiness to me that I do not dare to add an inch more to it all. And so have denied myself the gratification of expressing my thankfulness or love. Otherwise who can not be

proud of those fine youths such as my own brothers--in-law are – at any rate promised to be? And of him who brought me up as dearly as them?........ and of that saintly dutiful mother!! The same thing is true of all my friends! I remember them all! But for their own sake and *not for my own sake*, dare not acknowledge them all. I could not understand who the pleader was, who came to you as my contemporary but if really so please to thank him on my behalf for remembering me still. By the by be very careful of men who may come to you as acquainted with me or even claiming to have seen me here or having had talk with me here. You are too experienced to be cautioned but nevertheless I assure you I send no word or message through any one to you. Hear all but believe none, except what stands to your reason without my recommendation and on its own merit. Now the the time is over and I must finish. I am alright, the details you asked would be sent in dear Baba's letters. Love to all from both of us. *Do not worry for our health.* As far as possible take care of your own health: if in spite of all human effort the worst comes to the worst well then we are quite ready to face it all! Do not worry.

Yours affectionately

TATYA.

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॥ श्रीराम ॥

4-8-1918
Port Blair

My dear brother:—Was very glad to read your letter. This year owing to the regularity with which your parcels and letters had been despatched we could get them all at the excepted time and were thus able to get rid of a lot of anxiety and trouble and petitioning. The answer to my letter, then the parcel to brother and then his letter - all these enabled us to get your news almost every three months. Please to follow up this plan as regularly as possible. The news that the Maharastra provincial conference had passed a strong resolution and that with greater unanimity in favour of the release of *all* political prisoners was very welcome! In fact the Bombay provincial conference has been doing its duty with greater vigour, consistancy and persistance than any other P. C. in India. Last year so far as I could know the provincial conferrence of U. P. and especially the Andhra Conferrence had also passed resolution in favour of this release. The resolution of the Andhra conference was very definitely and comprehensively worded and showed that the heart of the Andhras beat in thorough and honest sympethy with those who,

with the means *they* thought best to effect the Great Deliverance had, may be rightly, may be wrongly but in utter sincerety and indisputable selflessness offered themselves to pine away in prisons. You write that many of the papers write constantly for the release and magazines too press on to the point that the release of all political prisoners in one of the conditions under which the removel of Indian discontent is possible. If all this be true then I really fail to understand why the Congress so far as I know, should still be fighting shy, should still be trembling to utter a syllable that might smell of sympathy nay even of ordinary humanity for the political prisoners of the people in whose name it poses to speak ! Last year they passed a resolution for the release of the interned forgetting totally and very conveniantly that the sufferings which brought tears to the eyes of the patriots sitting comfortably in the well aired and well decorated Pandal had been indefinitly multiplied and incessantly faced by other men – not one not two but thousands of other men whose services or sacrifices can not at least be less than our interned brothers and who because their misery can not automatically end with the war as in the case of the interned and therefore demand a greater and more persistent agitation on the part of those who are passing as responsible leaders of the people ! "Responsible" that is the thing !

They talk of the "interned" only, because they know that it is *Safer* to do so and they dare not talk *of the* rest because they might be losing their responsible positions in the eyes of their bobs! Otherwise when the different provincial conferences have so clearly and so often made it obvious that the majority of the provinces heartily wish to effect the release of the political prisoners, one fails to understand why the Congress should fail to do so. The business of the Congress is not to voice the sentiments of the few that dominate its proceedings but of the many who give it its weight and support and in whose name it ought to derive its right to be a "Congress" at all. When so many provinical conferences have passed this resolution and so often, when the leading papers and Magazines have incessantly pressed this point, when many of the leaders of the Congress itself when it was their turn to be rotting behind the prison walls had expected and had thought they had a right to expect the sympethetic mention of them by the people for whom they fought, above all or rather least of all when the very Austrian people, not to mention the Irish, the Boers &c. had been bold and honest and grateful enough to agitate for the release of all their political prisoners and succeeded in getting it done, when all these things are known and admitted then I think that the Congress could be and should be immediately

forced to pass as bold and as comprehensive a resolution as that of the Andhra or Maharastra Conferences this year. If some old hags tremble let them absent themselves from the sittings that adopts this resolution why should you all share in this guilty silence because a handful of " Responsible " are shaky about it ?

Secondly one or two precautions should be taken in case of any such resolution or movements is to be effective. Many papers write about " Political prisoners " but the language is so conveniently dubious that the Govt. and even the people are quite likely to fail to understand what is meant by that omnibus term " Political prisoners. " Some times it means interned, at others the detenue, then deported or the state prisoners, but hardly if ever means those also who are convicted for offences of political nature. I pointed out to you last year that Mr. Bonarlaw himself made a distinction in Irish. cases that the rebels were not guilty of " individual acts " ! Now that gentleman knew well that suffragists were all " convicted " for " individual acts " including arson ! Yet they were released as soon as the war broke out by the very Govt. in which Mr. Bonarlaw works. Then I don't see why the word " convicted " should be a bogey to the Indian " Responsibles " and the " individual acts " a screen to hide the Govt. anamolies in the hands of Mr.

Bonarlaw's Botha is a prime minister and Redmond the constituted Leader of a Parliamentary Party and yet they released their own apponants and actual rebels, against their Govts. But the congressman think *they* are "responsible men"! The parriah that stands begging at the city gate is a more responsible citizen and belongs to a higher caste than the Sheriff and the Chairman of the city itself! So in the future resolution and articles this point should be clearly and definitely pressed that "*political prisoners means all those undergoing imprisonment whether convicted or not, whether for individual acts or acts in general*" (I indeed fail to understand it altogether!!!) – *for actions which proceeded from purely and admittedly politicle motives.*" The term political can be distinguished from private only by the creterian of the Motive of the act and not by the act itself. No act is or can be by itself political. For even a rebellion if that proceeds entirely for my own bread and butter is *not* political and ought not to create any sympathy in others, unless indeed may cause was only a case in hand and was fought out for establishing a general previlege or in vindicating of a general right. The Thugs fought battles and were not political in the sense of sacrificing for the General Good. But even the arson cases or flogging the prime ministers by a suffragist in

England had been recognised by the British Govt. itself as political because the *motive* was neither personal aggrandisement nor revenge but the advancement of some social good. The means may be wrong even criminal or not the Motive counts so far as the moral value, and here national aspect of the act is concerned. I write this with special stress for the reason that in case of an amnesty being granted – which I expect not – this point will be a stumbling block in our path, for the Govt. might adopt some anamolous distinction and interprete the term in any sense convenient to them but not just in itself. Try your best to make this clear to all you can approach and let our journalists and leaders keep this constantly before them.

Please to write to me in your letter whenever any of the provincial conferences have passed any resolution to this effect, whether last year's Congress had deliberated on it in the subject committee; how many papers write wholeheartedly about it, and if something could be done in this year's Congress. When you write about it only mention those cases in which the general amnesty is asked and not only that of a few interned &c.

(b) Then again what had come of the movement of sending a general and mob petition – of which you did not speak in your last. That idea should not be dropped at all. I believe you have

only postponed it in order to put it forward more effectively at the end of the war. If it is so alright. In the meanwhile I saw in one of the letters here that a petition for the release of P. P.s had been forwarded to Montague while he was in India. How far this is correct? (c) The compaign of the meeting of which once you spoke should also be kept in view and not only once but almost every year it should be carried on (d) The Congress, the p. conferences, the petitioning of the individual members, families, special series of meetings arranged for this purpose, the constant attention of the press; questions in the Viceregal and provincial Councils and in the Parliament: all this and each of this must be *systematically* and *persistently* carried year in and year out till the amnesty question becomes a necessity of the politics there. In each of your letter please to give me a summary of what could be done in each of these directions. And forget not to make clear the meaning of the "Political prisoners" whenever resolution and articles talk about it to the people and the Govt. as well.

Throughout the discussion, I must frankly admit, I have aimed not so much at the actual result of the agitation as to the moral effects of it. I know and have clearly written to the Govt. in one of my petitions last year that the question of a general amnesty of the political prisoners is closely and

inevitably bound up with the question of the establishment of a progressive and *really* constitutional Govt. in India. So the chances of such an amnesty being actually granted are not and can not be immediately and primarily expected. But though thus we should fully realise the impossibility of any actual results being attained yet we should not lose sight of the moral ones, which would reward our efforts immediately by an elevation of the national tone and character and which by reminding the nation of the sufferings of their Martyrs and soldiers and victims that fought for the success of the common cause more and enthuise the people to see the fight continued and fought out to its ultimate victory. Gratefully remembered the soldiers who fell in the most effective way of recruiting more soldiers to continue the fight.

In the petition to which I referred above I had put before Mr. Montague and the Viceroy a frank statement of the case of such an amnesty as this. The main points being that while they were considering the question of the Reforms in India they should not fail to recognise that if they aimed at the establishment of any responsible Govt. in India they should thereby render it utterly futile to continue to lock us in jail. For if a real responsible Govt. be given and still the amnesty not granted then the latter fact would act as a millstone round the neck of such a system as that. For our presence

behind the stone walls and cells cannot fail to keep the memory of the old suspicion and Embitterment between the people and the Govt. living and would take away much from whatever claims and conffessions the Govt. might make as to change of angels and efforts for co-operation and mutual trust. For even if Home Rule be granted the people unaccompanied by a General amnesty of the P. P.s how it is likely to touch the real roots of discontent in the Land? How can there be peace and contentment and trust in a land where a brother is torn away from a brother, where thousands upon thousands are rotting in cage cells and stand exiled and in jails and where every other family has a brother or a son, or a father or a friend, or a lover, snatched away from its bosom and kept pinning away his life in the parched and thirsty Saharas of Separation !! While on the otherhand it would be as futile; *I stated this for the sake of entire honesty and truth though it was against my personal interest* – to release the political prisoners unaccompanied with a sincere and substantial effort to a responsible Govt. in India. For it would be intolerable for us to live in a land where all paths to Progress are barred by a "Trespassers would be prosecuted" or to move there without treading on suspicious paths where every step forword is an affront to the Sultans ahead and every step backward an affront to one's self respect and conscience

which is no less sultanic in its exaction. Therefore Home Rule and Amnesty go hand in hand and in order that the one may be effective, it should and must be accompanied by the latter. I also stated in it that my motive and aim in sending the petition being the Grant of a General Amnesty I should be the last to be dissatisfied if that could be done by omitting my own name, if that alone be a thorn in the way of its fulfilment. If such view be ever taken by the Govt. – and I see that the recently published Draft of Mr. Montague's Scheme has in a striking paragraph expressed the hope almost in it a way of answer to a corresponding question – that the revolutionists would now find something to be constitutionally done to the realizing of their hopes and aspirations and would change their minds and return to useful paths of activity;— and a really Responsible Govt. meaning thereby *at least* a *substantial majority* in the Viceregal Council– without of course the fetish of a Council of State kept presiding over it and mixing a curse with every blessing the first may confer on the land – if I say a substantial majority of the elected be granted in the Viceregal council, and such a grant be accompanied with a graceful and general amnesty of the P. P.s, including the Exiles in other lands such as America and Europe – then I for one and many whom I know would *consciously* accept such a constitution as that and would, if thought fit by our

people and given a chance to do so by the Govt. work under it and try to fulfil the Mission of our life through the council chambers which have up to this time been bearing nothing but illwill towards us and have spared nothing to embitter our hearts against them and their policy. Where is the man who would run the ordeals of fire or would tread the paths of furies with bleeding feet – for sheer amusement ! That is rare and rarer it is to find true patriot and humanitarian who would indulge in reckless and bloody and necessarily outrageous Revolutions – if but and even when, a safer, nobler, more certainly moral because entirely effective and employing least resistence if but such a Path the Path of constitutional Progress be open and accessible to him ? It is a Mockery to talk of constitutional agitation where there is no constitution at all; but it is worse than a Mockery – a crime to talk of Revolutions as if it was a work of Rose-water even when there is as elastic and progressive a constitution as say there is in England or in America.

This word for word I wrote in October last to the Govt. and the recent changes give me a hope that if properly and organisedly pressed the bill when it comes before the Parliament would grant us acceptable scheme. And I would like to bring this to the notice of the Viceroy once more and ask

whether the Indian Govt. have come to any definite decision as to my petition.* I received an answer on 1-2-18 from the Viceregal Govt. that the "petition for the Amnesty of political prisoners" is being considered by the Govt. After that I have reason to think that the Govt. mentioned to submit the question of such a release immediately after the war. Please to enquire directly yourselves as it takes a lot of cajoling the Red Tape System for me to enquire often.

You asked in your last letter about the advantages we reap in being promoted to the second class; Well, going out of the jail? No! Being allowed to keep writing material? No! Being allowed to live with or even to speak with my brother? No! being exempted from the compulsory and hard labour? No! Being promoted to be a warder or cease to be locked up in the cell? No! Better and hospitable treatment? No! More letters? No! Any visits from home?- others get it after five years and I am in the 8th - No! Then if you still ask what advantages in being promoted to 2nd

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* This petion expressing the political views of the Revolutionaries in General and Mr. V. D, S. in particular was written and to the Govt. chiefly with intention of pressing on the sooner than the passage of the Reforms through the Parliment. For Mr. Savarkar had several reasons to believe that Govt. was then anxious to know what effect the bill would have on the Revolutionist attitude. He was several times approached by the authorities there and invited to express his views. He was convinced that the Reforms were chiefly addressed to the Revolutionists.

class – well the great one – that of being promoted to the second class !! Do you understand, Doctor ?

So far as to the advantages in the jail : but all this was bearable to me when my health was comparitively sound. But this year I must tell you that great and counting disadvantage has been added to my lot for my health is utterly broken. You know I could not have used such language but I feel it my bounden duty to do so. Confident am I that a student of Gita and *my own* brother would not be shaken under any calamities that the Blind Dame may bring to us in her usual rounds and would stand squarely firm facing all winds as they list. Brother ! each year one day which was joy unalloyed – that was the day of writing the letter Home. This year even that is a partial joy for though am writing to you to the immence delight of memory – all the pleasant scenes and dear faces and grateful remembrances being made alive – yet am feeling the strain of penning even such a letter as this ! The flesh complains and I could not go on without a rest ! Last year, March I weighed 110– this year I weigh 98 ! They take the weight with which we come here as the normal one; that is a wrong test for we come here after rotting for years in the jails and custodies there; But even when I came here I was 111 Lbs. Chronic Dysentry due to disregard of the medical treatment in the beginnig has reduced me to a skeleton. Eight years I bore

the burden well. Innumerable and unknown hardships taxed my metal and an atmosphere of frowns and threats and sighs, of demoralising and disheartening stench tried to stiffle the noble breath of Life – but God gave me strength to stand and stand firm and face it all for these eight years or so. But now I feel the flesh has received wounds that are hard to heal and is day by day pining away. Recently the Medical Superintendent has been paying a little special attention to my weakness and though I am still on " Duty " i. e. work and not in the Hospital yet I get Hospital diet that is better cooked, and eat only rice & am allowed milk and bread at present. It is better a bit and hope it may improve. But what is likely is that this constant debility may end in some fatal malady or that inevitable friend so well known in jails, specially in Andamans – the Pthysis. Only one thing and one thing alone could assure me of my recovering and that is a change – not in the sense of jail technicalities where a change means always for the worse – but a change for the better to a *better climate* in some Indian jail. The monotony is getting appalling ! And yet be not over anxious, trying it is but it can not be decisive. For jails as such have a great sustaining power. They corrode but they do not kill. They petrify but they preserve. And cases are not wanting of prisoners living with slender chances of life for 80 years and more. So however weak the body be still there is

no fear, at any rate unless some further complications arise of any fatal event.

And all this again so far as the flesh is concerned. For although one can not afford to be flamboyantly defying fire while one is bound to a pile of leaping flames – yet I may mention that the spirit is still willing and able to dominate the quivering flesh, willing to suffer even further and even all not only ungrudgingly, but even unflinchingly. Brother's health is relatively better though the headache has reduced him to 106 lbs.

Please to give my reverance and love to my dear Madam Cama. Hope she takes care of her health. How aweful for her to pass her days in exile when one should have thought of passing them attuned to the Music of sweet smiling children? Then what of Mai? Our sister! Never mind whatever troubles she has to face – let her remember first that her brothers are facing greater troubles for Duty and secondly come what may her Vasant is with her and the sight of his face should make her forget and forgive all the miseries of her life. Nevertheless the love of a brother goes out to her and his sympathy and hope that may be a little cheering news for her. My love to my dear Yamunabai and my dear sisters – in – law. Glad to hear Shanta improves. And about the friend – the Dear and kind hearted Doctor whom you mentioned

in your letter please ask him to forgive me. If ever I see him he could know How I prize him and friend–few indeed – but so constant as he – Sorry I would do nothing for him or for my brothers – in – law. Balu Anna, and others or for my choson chums of College days or for my dear and faithful comrades – except to send forth my hearty grateful memory of them all. How is my little Ranjan ? Does he know me ? I hear that plague is likely to break out once more. So be watchful and take care of your health which is life to us ! !

Yours affectionately

TATYA,

॥ ॐ ॥

॥ श्रीराम ॥

Cellular Jail
Port Blair
21-9-1919

for a week or so it continued to be well and then again either a malarious fever or an attack of Dysentry upsets it and takes a toll of lb. or so causing my weight to fall yet more: and again it continues well for a week or a fortnight further. Thus have I been going on and on and consequently my weight which last year when I wrote to you was on the average at 99 lbs. has for the last couple of months been *at 96 lbs. and 95 lbs.* In fact my health would have been worse but for the little better food and little better cell that have been allowed to me though too late, and although my weight is rapidly going down yet on the whole my appetite is improved and my stomach causes less complaints owing to the Hospital diet that I have been getting for the last 10 months or so. More over in consideration of my weakness and chronic malarious inroads I have been treated as a hospital petient and have been exempted from rigorous work. So far as this jail life is concerned I gladly state that the Superintendent has been trying to put things as straight as he can after I wrote to you about the rapid breaking down of my health. But it is therefore all the more necessary and is all the more forcibly demonstrated how necessary it is to remove me from this unhealthy and malarious cilmate where inspite of much attention of the jail superintendent, my health and my weight are ever on the decline, and not a fortnight passes without

a fever or some attack of stomach complaints. I can assure you that the climate of this place is acknowledged as a very unhealthy one and the life in a cellular jail in such a climate as doubly dangerous to the health of even a strongly built man used to hard labour throughout his life – by the medical authorities themselves.

I do not know whether you in India know any thing about the order that was read out here on the day of the peace celebration in England, concerning the Amnesty of prisoners. On that day or owing to the remission granted on that day – some convicts have upto this time been released from this convict colony. But so far as the political prisoners are concerned nothing beyond the vaguest promises was done, not a single days remission has been as yet positively granted to any of them barring a couple of Bengali P. P. S. An order was read out in the name of the Secretary of State and the Govt. that so far as the political prisoners were concerned the Govt. was considering the question of granting some remission to them. The above consideration being guided by the opinion of the respective provinicial Govt. in the first instance and secondly by the local recommendations of the jail authorities based on the jail conduct of the prisoners. More over the *personal opinions* of the individual prisoner would be carefully weighed before any decision is

arrived at ! Now this language may mean much or what is more likely may mean nothing. No time is mentioned as to when the decision would be arrived at. And when in addition to that one remembers that four years ago the Indian Govt. had been pleased to assure me that they were even then having the question of Amnesty " under consideration " one hardly can help suspecting that this reiteration of the same words may be asking for another four years hence. Again the clause refering to the personal opinions is very likely to be the curse of almost any one who falls under the head of P. P. s for if personal opinions means the opinions of the individual about the political situation in India – then of course that is quite Sensible and natural – but how the Govt. is going to know them ? If by the Statements of the individual concerned then there could be no objection to that at all. But if – as is more likely to happen – by hearsay or secret reports then it would be better if the Govt. and the public would be frankly telling that they do neither wish nor want to consider this question at all. For being forced to live amongst such a distinguished company as thieves, robbers and habitual convicts and in such a company alone – what chance there is that these would be reporting only truth about our opinions on politics when these neither understand a bit of what opinions on politics mean nor are ever wanting in the gift of instinctively

hating any one who is spotted out to them by the authorities as one whose opinions they are required to report. No sooner does an officer ask these "gentlemen" in the jail to know and inform about A or B than do these people come to the conclusion that a report against that individual would be more likely to increase their importance in the eyes of the authorities. And even the highest officers in an institution like jail can not but depend on the reports of these men who have themselves been convicts and criminals and raised to higher posts in the jail through sheer double decling and in general this is the case. So I think that unless the public makes all these matters clear to the Indian Govt. *in time* and even now, even with the best of intentions on the part of the Secretary of State little or nothing will come out of the promise that the Govt. has made.

Do you know anything about this promise? Is it made public? If so are the provincial Govts. already approached and have they submitted their opinion? Has any one attempted to get the *time fixed* or at any rate approximately but definitely indicated by the Govt.? I again submit that unless the public makes it quite clear and that not spasmodically but systimatically that there is an unanimous, hearty and determined desire in the hearts of our countrymen to effect an Amnesty of the

political prisoners before this opportunity of the Peace celebration passes by the Indian - Govt. can neither be *in a mood and even if in a mood* yet *in a position* to do much in this direction. The promise vague as it is, is made to feel the public pulse, and if the people do not *before hand* express their will and sympathy with this *projected* Amnesty I for one would not find much cause to blame the Govt. for not having granted it.

If the charge of 109, 302 is true against me it is truer against all. And if for that I am not going to be released as a political prisoner then there is no political prisoner in India at all! I simply indicate the line of argument knowing pretty well that you would fill it in much better way than I can do it here. Secondly "jail conduct." Well for the last 5 years there had been no occasion of being cased even once. I am sure the authorities here would not have anything particular against me on that score to say.

Thirdly so far as my *personal opinions* are concerned - well I had been definitely and clearly stating them to all concerned - the Govt. itself not excepted. *So early as 1915 and again in 1918 I had sent and sent voluntarily a clear statement of my thought knowing* full well that misunderstood they were quite likely to deprive

me of any chance of release. The statement sent to the Govt. is exactly like what I wrote to you in my letter last year and which had already been before the public eye. So neither the public nor the Govt. can be in any way unacquainted with my opinions. I belive that as soon as the reforms are effected and if they be soon effected and at least the Viceregal Councils are made to represent the voice of the people then there would be no hesitation on my part – infinitestibly humble though it be – to make the beginning of such a constitutional development a success, to stand by Law and Order which is the very foundation and basis of Society in general and Hindu polity in particular. Do not the Scotch or ever the Majorities of the Boers choose to maintain a partenership in the Empire when that Empire – opens better facilities for their respective developments than otherwise ? India too and for the matter of that any other people ought to and naturally will join in forming a *Common Wealth* and an Empire why should they be against it ?–When such a common life promises to be more fruitful than devided petty and lonely individuality ? As man is Social animal so is also a state. And Empires had been and would be as *natural* a development of the inherant tendencies of the social Nature of man as nations and families had been.

Well my dear Bal I have been getting fever for the last two days as I have cought a cold and

so find it necessary to leave much that I meant to write to you. Please *to take care of your health,* and do not worry on our account or any other account. Take things easy. Please not to forget what I told you about our family affairs when you met me. Try to save a little and spend less. Dear Yamuna promised me to send a very very big parcel of almonds and candy and sweets and what not at an early date. But being very very big it is quite natural that it is taking months to pack it up. It was indeed a pleasure to see her here and know how she is as courageous and as sweet as ever. But poor Vahini ! Half the joy of any release fades into apthy at the thought of my going back to a home where she is not likely to come to welcome me ! My earliest friend, my sister, my mother and my comrade – all in one, all at once, she really died as dies a suttee ! Did she not immolate her silent soul and even at the alter of our Mother-land ? Ah ! as truly as martyr dies for his Land or Religion do these Indian girls of to-day die panting, withering, watching for the return of their lovers who are not destined to meet them; suffering in silence, serving though unknown, paying though unacknowledged, — do these Hindu girls pine away and die for their Motherland, for their religion. Woman in general is sweet beyond measure ! But a Hindu girl – good, good, good. She inflames not but soothes , remembers though forgotten each an evernewly – published

edition of the Immortal Story of Sita ! Dear Baba asks me to tell you to console Mathutai especially on his behalf; he feels more for her than our dear Vahini herself. Nothing pleased me so much as to find you quite healthy and bubling over with life when I saw you here. Always try to be as healthy and more. I am totally unable both owing to the intensity of my feeling and the circumstances under which I have to pen this letter to express faithfully my and our thanks and sense of gratefulness to all those who through a personal or publie concern had felt such deep Sympathy for me and for us and tried to bring some relief or other to us. To tell you the truth I honestly believe that this cousciousness alone had been the only medicine that has enabled me to pull on without being worse and in fact made me live throughout this year in spite of Dysentry, Malaria and jail – this consciousnesss that there are so many men in my Bharatvarsha who are ready to shore my sadness and lighten my burden – friends that enquire and papers that wrote – those who are moved through personal friendship or acquaintance and much more than that those who felt out of a genuine and simple humanity. How is my dear Shanta ? Don't you trouble her much for any reading or writing. But do trouble as much as you can my friend Yamuna on that score – she has promised me to act as a typewriter and a clerk – of course without any pay and out of sheer patriotic favour !–

When and if I ever come back and my love to dear Babu, Anna, and all my brothers-in-law.

Yours affectionately

TATYA,

॥ ॐ ॥

॥ श्रीराम ॥

Cellular Jail
Port Blair
6-7-1920

My dearest Bal

Your letter to dear Baba dated 2-6-20 reached us and made us glad by removing the sense of anxiety caused by your constant postponing your coming over here. My health is just as it was when you left me. It is not worse either. But after your going the health of our brother has been going from bad to worse. It is his turn now. The complaint is the same. Digestion troubles and consequent liver disorder. His weight is 106 lbs. Because I write this much do not imagine that our health must be worse still. Not so. I write exactly as it stands. If something worse happens shall inform you of it.

After all the general Amnesty has come! Hundreds are being released. Thanks chiefly to the great exertions of the Bombay National Union and of our leaders and of our patriotic countrymen who organised, supported and signed the mass petition for the release of Indian political prisoners. That huge petition signed by no less than 75,000 people at such a short notice as that must have certainly put an immense though unacknowledged pressure on the Govt. At any rate it elevated the moral status of the P. P.s and therefore of the cause for which they fought and fell. Now indeed our release if at all it comes is worth having: as the people have expressed their desire to have us back. We can not sufficiently thank our countrymen for sympathy and solicitude for us all. They had really shown greater regard for us than we honestly believe to have deserved. Nor have their efforts been entirely fruitless. For although we two have been declared to fall outside the scope of the Amnesty and are still rotting in the cells yet the sight of hundreds of our political comrades and co-sufferers' release makes us feel releived and repaid for all the agitation that we have been carrying on for the last eight years or so through strikes, letters, petitions, the press and the platform, here and else where.

On the 2-4-20 I put in a fresh petition to the Govt. of India on the subject of the Royal clemancy

recently granted. Therein after thanking the Govt. for the release of hundreds of political prisoners and for thus partially granting my petition of 1918, I have pleaded for the further extention of the Royal clemancy to those who are yet in jail as well as *to the Political exiles abroad.* I had once more defined my personal position as regards the political situation in India, especially with referance to those questions which from time to time are still being discussed and debated upon in the official circles and have been personally pressed before me by some of them only very very recently.

We believe in an universal state embracing all mankind and where in all men and women would be citizens working for and enjoying equally the fruits of this earth and this sun, this land and this light, which constitute the real Motherland and the Fatherland of man. All other devisions and distinctions are artificial though indispensable. Believing thus that the ideal of all political science and art is or ought to be Human state in which all nations merge – their political selves for their own fulfilment even as the cells in an organism, organisms in families and tribes, and tribes in nation-states have done: and believing therefore that humanity is higher patriotism and therefore any Empire or Commonwealth that succeeds in welding numbers of conflicting races and nations in one harmonious -

if not homogenious — whole in such wise as to render each of them better fitted to realize, enrich and enjoy Life in all its noble aspects is a distinct step to the realization of that ideal I can conscientiously co-operate with any attempt to found a *common-wealth* which would be neither British nor Indian but which may, till a better name be divised, be styled as an Aryan Common-wealth. With this end in view I ever worked in the past. With this end in view I am willing to work now. And therefore I rejoiced to hear that the Govt. has changed their angle of vision and meant to make it possible for India to advance constitutionally on the path to Freedom and Strength and fulness of Life. I am sure that many a revolutionists would like me cry halt under such circumstances and try to meet England under an honorable truce, even in an half-wayhouse as the reformed Council halls promised to be, and work there before a further march on to progress be sounded.

For it was this very principle that humanity was a higher patriotism that made us so restless when we saw that a part of it should aggrandise and swell like a virulent cancer in suchwise as to threaten the life of the human whole; and forced us for the want of any other effective remedy; to take to the Surgeon'a Knife and feel that severity for the moment would certainly be mercy in the long run.

But even while combatting force with force we heartily abhorred and do yet abhor all violence. *For violence is force aggressively used–force that is life killing.* I never cherished not even in my dreams any aggressive ambition for personal or national aggrandisement, and so far was I from being a party to violence that I actually kept opposing it tooth and nail whenever I saw it used by powerful combinations against their weaker but righteous rivals. I heartily abhorred violence resorted to in days gone by – by ambitious man and nations not only outside India but even in India Herself. I felt as rebellious against the caste systems and the untouchabillty inside India as her being dominated by foreigners from outside.

Thus we were revolutionists under necessity and not by choice. We felt that the best interests of India as well as of England demanded that her ideals be progressively and peacefully realized by mutual help and co-operation. And if that be possible even now I shall take the first opportunity to resort to peaceful means and rush in the first constitutional breach effected by revolution or otherwise, however narrow it be and try to widen it so as to enable the forces of evolution to flow in an uninterupted procession.

If the reforms whole heartedly effected and worked out by the Govt. would serve the purpose

of such a constitutional breach as that then revolution ceases and evolution becomes a watchword and a rallying cry of us all. And I as one humble soldier in Her rank would honestly try my best to make the reform successful, that is, work them out so as to render them a stepping stone to the realization of the great mission of our generation of making India free and great and glorious, leading or marching hand in hand with others to the appointed destiny of man.

Such were my views when I was working in the revolutionary camp. And such are my views after 12 long years of being pent up within the four walls of a solitary cell. True it is that we found it impossible to bear love and loyalty to laws that were dictated by the Sword, and constitutions that served as masks to conceal the heidousness of Tyranny yet it is equally true that we honestly felt and still feel ourselves in duty bound to stand by the side of Law – that is the expression of the righteous resolve of a free people and Constitution that holds together harmonizes and fuses the efforts of free men and women towards the good of man and the glory of God.

As to the question so often put to me and others by officers no less exalted than the members of the Indian cabinet " what if you had rebelled against the ancient kings of India ? They [illegible] to[illegible]ample

rebels under the feet of Elephants ". I answer that not only in India but even in England and all other parts of the world such would have at times been the fate of rebels. But then why did the British people fill the whole world with a howl that the Germans had ill treated their captives and did not allow them fresh bread and butter? What if the Germans had reminded them – " Fresh bread and butter! There was a time when captives were flayed alive and offered as victims to Moloch and Thor and such other Gods of war!" The thing is this that this advanced stage in civilization attained by man is the resultant of the efforts of all men and therefore their common inheritance and benefits all. *Speaking relatively* to Barbarian times it is true that I had a fair trial and a just sentence and the Govt. is at liberty to derive whatever satisfaction they can from the compliment that they give a fairer trial and a juster sentence to their captives than the cannibals used to do. But it should not be forgotten that if in olden days the rulers flayed their rebels alive then the rebels too when they got the upper hand flayed alive the rulers as well. And if the British people treated me or other rebels more justly i. e. less barbarously then they may rest assured that they too would be as leniently treated by the Indian rebels if ever the tables are turned?

Please do not hope much from this petition so far as our release is concerned. We never pitched

our hopes too high and if not released we shall not be very much disappointed. We are quite prepared to face it either way. You have tried your best and it is mainly due to your unceasing efforts that the release of P. P.s became such a burning question as that and though not we two yet hundreds of others have won back their liberty.

Hoping to find you in good health and with best and loving regards to all our friends and relations.

I remain dear brother

Yours affectionately

TATYA,

(१९१९–२१ पर्यंत अंदमानामध्यें तुरुंगांत एकसारखी प्रकृति विघडत जात अंतीं क्षयावर जाते कीं काय अशी डॉक्टरांनां देखील भीति पडली असतांनां व केवळ थोड्याश्या दुधावर राहून अंथरुणास वर्षावर खिळून पडले असतांनां मरण बरें असें वाटूं लागे इतकेंच नव्हे तर तें संभवनीयही दिसूं लागलें – त्यावेळेस ही कविता लिहिली गेली.)

मरणोन्मुख शय्येवरः *

ये मृत्यो ये ! तूं ये ! यावयामती
निघालाचि असशिल जरि ये तरी सुखें !
कोमेजुनि जावया भिवोंत हीं फुलें;
हीं द्राक्षें रसरशीत सुकुनि जावया;
भ्यावें तें कां म्हणुनी तुजसि परी मी ?

* हें वृत्त महाराष्ट्र वाचकांस अद्याप अपरिचित असल्यामुळें इतकें सुचविणें आवश्यक आहे कीं, यास दिंडी, श्लोक वा आर्या अशी कोणतीच चाल न लावतां केवळ ऱ्हस्व, दीर्घ व विरामचिन्हें यांच्या अनुरोधानें साहजिकपणें वाचित जावें. जर मुळांत कांहीं श्रुतिमंजुलता असेल तर ती आपोआपच प्रकट होईल. विराम चिन्हांशींच विराम घ्यावा व अर्थानुरोधानें वाचावें इतकें सांगणें पुरें आहे.

माझ्या पेल्यांत किती पीत राहिलों
तरि न संपतीच अशा असति आजि या
अश्रूंच्या मदिराचीं मात्र राहिल्या !
ये ! नैवेद्या त्या जरि असिसि भुकेला !
आणि जरी दिवस असे अजुनि तरुण हा
तरि लहान थोर अशीं असति संपलीं
दिवसांचीं कार्यैंही वहुत करुनिया.
तोडजोड करुनि परी फेडलीं ऋणें
जन्मार्जित जीं जीं तीं : ऋपितृऋणामती–
श्रुतिजननी चरणतीर्थ सेवुनी कधीं,
धरुनि कधिं ध्रुवपदांसि संततींच्या
आणी हीं आचरुनी एक तप अशी
आशेच्या या स्मशानभूत तपस्या :
देवऋणा–फुंकुनि रणशृंग, दुंदुभी
धडड धडड पिटुनि, अणी तो अग्राडिचा
चढवुनि तैं हल्ला सहसाचि ज्या पलीं
सुटली रघुवीराची प्रथम रणाज्ञा :
आणि त्याचिं रणयज्ञाग्नींत पेटल्या
आस्थि आस्थि, मांस मांस इंधनें तशीं
जळत जळत आज असे

राख यौवनाची मम ! आणि म्हणुनिची
पितृ-ऋणा फेडाया आजि अहो मी
शास्त्रातें अनुसरोनि, दत्तविधानें,
निपुत्रिकत्व वारियलें : पुत्र अखिल हें
अभिनवभारतची मम ! जेथ जेथ कीं
पाळण्यांत विलसतसें नयन कमल तें
तेथ तेथ मीच बघे सृष्टिकुतुहला.
ज्या ज्या स्मितमधुरमुखीं मधुर विलसतें
कैशोरी कोमलता, प्रेमपूर्ण कीं
तें तें मुख बघतांची हृदयिं माझिया
वत्सलता ये उचंबळोनि, आणखी
नवउन्नति शील भालपटलिं दिसत जें
उदयोन्मुख तेज तरुण, तैं पुनः पुन्हां
माझ्याही उदयोन्मुख होति हृदीं या
आशा नव, आकांक्षा उच्च, भावि त्या
आमुचिया वंशाच्या गौरवाचिया :—
भारतीय केवल ना, मानवीय कीं
वंशाच्या गौरवार्थ ! तरुण कोंवळीं
सर्व मुलें माझींचीं ! अखिल मानवीं
यौवनांत अनुभवीन यौवनास मी.

आणि पितर माझे ते प्रेमतर्पणा :
येइं सुखें मृत्यो तरि—असति हीं अशीं,
तोड जोड करुनि परी फेडलीं ऋणें.

आणि बहुत करुनिया असति संपलीं
दिवसाचीं कार्यें हीं : यद्यपी कधीं
उगवे हा दिवस, कधीं मावळेहि वा;
कर्म वा कवण, कशीं कार्य, या दिनीं,
याविषयीं पंचांगें भिन्न, भिन्नचीं
भट्ट आणि पंडित हे कथिति मज कथा;
तरिहि लोकसंग्रहार्थ, धारणाप्रति
मानवीय आत्यंतिक आत्महिताच्या,
सज्जनासि गमलीं अनुकूल तींच कीं,
कार्यें त्यां धर्म अशीं मानिलीं; अणी
तदनुरूप एकाचा म्हणुनि जो ठरे
त्यां माझा भार असे उचलिला मुदें,
यथाशक्ति यथापरिस्थिति, न भंगितां
धरिलें तें व्रत कदापि किमपि ना भयें.

सत्कुल; अव्यंगदेह; परम दयाळू
जनक आणि जननी ती; त्याहुनीहि कीं
वात्सल्यें, पुण्यें, प्रतिपाळिता तसा

अग्रज, जो अग्रगण्य तापसांमधें;
मूर्त विनय अनुज असा; अद्वितीयसें
प्रेयांचें प्रेमपुण्य; धन्य आणि तें
ध्येय महत्, देईजें जीवनाप्रती
सार्थकत्व मनुजांच्या, काव्यमय करी
जें आयुःकालातें, पूत चारित्रा;
तप कांहीं, जप कांहीं, यश कांहीं तें,
कांहींशी मान्यताहि शारदेचिया
राजसभेमाजी कविरत्नभूषिता :
चाखियले रस नाना; हुंगियले ते
शतभूजलवायुललित शतसुगंध कीं;
पंचाग्नीमधिल तया प्रखर भाजत्या
उत्तापापासुनि तों प्रीतिच्या मऊ
स्निग्ध परिष्वंगापर्यंत सर्वही
शीतल, शीतोष्ण, उष्ण, अनुभवीयले
कटिबंध स्पर्श तसें; परिसिलें किती
स्वरशत, शतभाषा, शतगीति नवनवा
शतमंजुल कंठांतिल—आणि मृत्युच्या
शतकठोर कंठांतील घोर लागल्या;
नानाजन, जानपदें, जाति विभिन्ना

देश किती. दृश्यें तीं भूमिच्या महा–
संग्रहालयांत परिभ्रमत पाहिलीं.
सुरूप तें, सुरेख तें, सुललित तें असें
पाहियलें डोळ्यांनीं किमपि तरि जया
मृत्यो !, ते डोळे हें झांक तूं सुखें,
–झांकणेंचि आवश्यक जरि गमे तरी :
कीं सुरेख पाहियलें–किमपि परी तें !
प्रीति विपल : विरह चिरंतन ! नवीं वयीं,
प्रौढ धुरंधरांहि न जी शकति तोलण्या,
तीच धुरा भर उन्हांत तोलणें घडे !
म्हणुनि असे अजुनी अपुरीच राहिली
खेळाची हौस हंसत चांदण्यामधें
या आयुष्याच्या मम ! तरिहि जाणुनी
कीं न **ययातीची** ही हौस पुरेशी
झाली जरि आयुष्याचाचि सर्व तो
नृपति करी खेळ एक; आणि पाहुनी
इच्छेच्या बीजा फल भोग लागतां
इच्छेचीं बीजेंची त्यांत फिरोनी;
आणी अनुभवुनी कीं एक भूकेची
एक जेवणानें जी

तृप्ति सहस्राव्याही भोजनामुळें
असते कीं तितुकीची आणि तशीची;
—मी दे तुज अनुमोदन संपवूं असा
हा जीवन लेख इथें; पृष्टिं या; जरी
पृष्ठें जीं पुढलीं तीं मागल्या तया
पृष्ठांची असली पुनरुक्तिची तरी!
म्यां असतां दिवस नसे व्यर्थ गमविला
दिवसास्ताचेंहि म्हणुनि दुःख ना मला :
—भीति उद्यांची हि वा !! मृत्युच्या मृता
जरि असेल त्या अंधःकार लतेला
फुलत दुज्या दिवसांचें फूल—तरी ही
भीति न मज; कीं येथें पेरिलें अह्मी
फुलत आणि फलत तेंच, कथिति ते, तिथें.
आणी मी पेराया कष्टलों असे
बीजें कीं तीं तीं जीं निवडुनी दिलीं
त्यांनींची अत्युत्तम म्हणुनिया मला
पेरुं फलाशाविरहित. " तूं तसें जरीं
वर्ततील समपरिस्थितींत अन्यही;
तरि लोकोन्नति—विनाश होय ना असें
वर्त : " तसेंची वर्तूं यत्न म्यां सदा

केला आवाल्य. ‘ जसें अन्य तुझ्याशीं
वागावें म्हणुनि तुला वाटतें तसें
तूंहि वाग अन्याशीं ’ संतवचन हें
मी अनुपालिं पालाया कष्टलों. अणी
जरि आपद्धर्म सेव्य मानिले तरी
ते इतुक्यास्तवची कीं धर्मची स्वयें
ओपुनि दे आपत्तीच्याचि मज करीं ! !
जैं हिरव्या गवताच्या गार गालिच्या
वरुनि दहापावलींच अंगणांमधें
कारागारांत कधीं मी फिरे, तधीं
आत्मौपम्यांत मुरत चित्त थिजोनि
कितिदा तरि चरण अकस्मात् चालतीं
स्तंभित होऊनि रहावेत घटि घटि.
कांहीं केल्याहि तया तरुण कोवळ्या
गवताचे अंकुर दुखतील या भयें
पाय त्यावरी नये पडूंचि कीं पुढें.
हातीचा घास कधीं हटुनि रहावा
हातींचीं, कीं जितुकीं त्यांत शितें तीं
बीजेंचीं नव्हत काय? खातसों अह्मीं
फल तें तें भ्रूणघात? अणि कधीं कधीं

मज पडलें भय कीं मज वेड लागलें !–
आत्मौपम्यास जईं वर्तण्यांत हें
मन माझें अनुसरतां मज पदोपदीं
मरणासम दुःख होय पाहुनी जगीं
पूर्ण असंभवाचि तया आचरूं पुरें.
तरिहि यत्न म्यां केला : अज्ञतेमुळें
वा अशक्यतेमुळेंच पद कधीं जरी
स्खलित जाहलें असेल तरि असेल तें.
ह्मणुनि भय उद्यांहि ना, स्मशानभूमिचा
परतट प्रदेश जो अनोळखी तिथें
सुखकर प्रवास करावि जें असें असे
ओळखिचें पत्र अम्हांजवळ त्या स्वयं
भगवान् श्रीकृष्णाचें – श्रीमताम् गृहे,
शुचीनांच ! वा गेहे योगिनामपि ! !
' कश्चित् कल्याणकृच्च तात दुर्गतिम्
नहि गच्छति '! नाहि गच्छति सांगती अणीं
ते निरीश्वर स्वभाववादिही मला;
ह्मणुनि जरीं सत्याचि जें वदति ते, जगीं
स्वर्ग, नरक, जन्मांतर, बंध, मुक्ति वा
निजकर्मांचाची परिपाक कीं तरी

मरणाची वेस जयामाजि उघडते
त्या अदृष्ट नगरांतिल अति सुरम्य ते
राखवूनि ठेवियले असति वंगले
आधींची आम्हांस्तव भरुनिया अम्हीं
कर्मांच्या, धर्मांच्या, नियत विसारा !
परि जरि कीं स्वर्ग, जीव, वंध, कर्म त्रा
ऐहिक तें इंद्रजाल मात्र; कीं जरी
संघातोत्पन्न भाव मात्र जीव हा
मृत्युपृथक्करणिं अभावांत वोसरे :—
तरि सर्वोत्तमचि ! मरण एक सुषुप्ति
अथवा प्रत्यक्ष मुक्ति ! पंचही असे
मिश्रित भूतांश पृथक् मुक्त होउनि
विहरोत स्वेच्छ नव्या मिश्रणांतुनी,
त्रा स्वयेंचि, वा शून्यीं ! इंद्रधनु तसें
संझेच्या आकाशीं विपल शोभुनी
विपलातचि हा माझा 'मी' हि कीं जरी
विश्वाच्या अंतर्हित '**मी**'त मावळे.
तरि मरणा ! मरण न तूं ! मरण मुक्तिची
—विपलांतचि परि ! विनंति इतुकिची असे
येणें तरि येउनि जा झटकनी. तुझा

दुर्लौकिक जो जगांत, लोक जो तुझा
द्वेष करिति, तो नचि कीं असासि तूं स्वतः
निर्दय वा निंद्य म्हणुनि–पाहुनी तुला
आलाची कोणीही परत कीं न तो
सांगू तूं कैंवी तें !–परि विशेषतः
मृत्यो ! तूं अप्रियसा जगातिं जें तुझें
सैन्य, धुरस्सर, पीडक, हें हिंडिस्ससें,
रोगांचें क्रूर असे त्यामुळेंच कीं.
मीच न कीं परि अजातशत्रु जो जगीं,
तुल्य ज्या प्रियाप्रियादि हानिलाभ, त्या
भगवान् श्रीगौतमाप्रतीहि भासला
रोग जरा अप्रियची : " लाभ ना दुजा
आरोग्यासम जगतीं " धर्मपद वदे.
तरिही जे कोणीं नुघडतलिची
स्वेच्छेनें दरवाजे, दुर्ग ते हठीं
जिंकुं जीवनाचे तूं धाड धाडही
रोगांच्या फौजांची गांजत्या तिथें.
मी तों जीं नुघडतील फोडिलीं तरी
जाणाराचि, तीं दारें उघडुनि स्वयें
या माझ्या गेहाचीं, स्वागता असे

अनिवार्या सिद्ध तुझ्या ! म्हणुनि शक्य कीं
ये तरि, हे अखिल-वीर-वीर विजेत्या !,
एकलाचि, अपुरस्सर, आणि अकस्मात्.
परि अशक्य जरि तें तुज एकटें तसें
येणेंची, तरि त्याही क्रूर पीडका
रोगांच्या सैन्याच्या क्षोभ सोसण्या
मी असेंचि सिद्ध. आजि दोन वत्सरें
पाहतची असशी तूं मजसि हा असा
शरपंजरिं खिळला ! ज्या मधुर लागलें
जीवनांतलें मधु, प्रकाश चक्षुंतें,
प्रीतिहृदा, तो मी त्या सर्व सुखाचें
मूल्य म्हणुनि मृत्यूच्या यातनाहि कीं
समजुनि कर्तव्य सहूं सिद्ध असेंची.

Sj. Ganeshpant unexpectedly got a terrible punishment of transporation for life, all of a sudden in 1909, and shortly afterwards his younger brother Bal – now Dr. Savarkar – too was arrested when he was merely about nineteen, in connexion with the Bomb outrage committed against Lord Minto. Both these news were informed by Shrimati Yeshodabai – wife of Sj. Ganeshpant – to her brother-in-law Sj. Vinayakrao who was in England. The revolutionaries' activities were frequently manifesting themselves even in England and all the prominent English Press including The Times were attacking Sj. V. D. Savarkar and threatening him with arrest. Just then, he received his sister-in-law's letter informing him of the life sentence passed on Sj. Ganeshpant his brother and the arrest of Bal. At such a state of things did Sj. Vinayakrao write a reply hurriedly to his forlorn and afflicted Vahini (sister-in-law). This was written in his twentyfifth year.

(I)

CONSOLATION.

A free rendering of the Marathi poems.

(1)

My loving salutations to thee, Oh my sister! Whose love had so tenderly nursed me as to make me forget the early loss of my mother :

Thy letter gladdened my heart and made me feel truly blessed :-

Blessed indeed is this family of ours in as much as it is thus privileged to serve the Lord and administer to His Will !

(2)

Many a flower is born and blooms and withers away : Who has ever numbered or noted them ! But behold, the flower that was plucked by that* Mighty Elephant to effect his Deliverance and was offered at the feet of the Lord, and *thus* withered away there, stands immortalised by bards.

Even so this our Motherland – our Mother – craving the assistance of the Lord that she too be rescued from the Crocodile cluches of Bondage enters our garden, plucks a fresh flower from the bough and offers it at His feet in worship.

Blessed indeed is this flower-garden, in as much as it is thus previleged to serve the Lord and shed its blossom in His Service.

(3)

Let then the rest of our flowers too be plucked thus, dedicated thus, wither thus ! The garden that

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* The story of गजेंद्रमोक्ष is too well known to be cited.

sheds all its flowers for the garland of the gods is in blossom for ever! Come, Oh Mother! to it again and gather all its bloom and weave thy garlands for the great Festival of the Nine Nights—नवरात्रि!

Once the momentous ninth Night – the Navami (नवमी) is over and the ninth garland is woven and didicated, – Kali, the Terrible, will reveal herself and lead Her votaries to Victory.

(4)

Sister! thou hast ever been the fountain of courage: the source of inspiration to me. Thou too art a consecrated and avowed Votary to this great and holy Mission. Thy consecration to a great and noble cause calls upon thee to be great and noble thyself.

Behold! on one side stands watching the Past – Souls of sages and saints and heroes of our race gone before: and on the other the Future:- generations yet unborn!

May He bestow on us strength, that we may be able to acquit ourselves of this momentous responsibility in such-wise as to evoke from these godly spectators a universal "Well done!" "Well done!"

(II)

Though Sj. Ganeshpant, her husband, was snatched away from her, having been transported for life and her youngest brother – in – law, Bal, whom she had brought up as her own son, was arrested for terrible charges and was yet awaiting the same sort of extreme punishment, yet Vahini – Shrimati Yeshodabai – had a distant ray of hope shining from afar, that her brother–in–law Vinayakrao who had passed his examination for Barristership, would come soon to help her ! But just then, Barrister Savarkar was arrested in England under the charges of waging and abating to wage war against the Govt. punishable even with Death Sentence. At such a Crisis, when it was almost sure that this will be the last message in his life to his revered Vahini – Sister–in–law whom there was rare chance to meet again on this side of the world. Sj. Vinayakrao sent the message–his Will–to expound the noble, attractive and sublime ideal for which he had encountered the arrest and imprisonment while performing the hard duty of informing her of the terrible fate that had befallen him.

MY WILL AND TESTAMENT

(I)

It was the month of Vaishakha : The sky above and the terrace underneath were washed and quivered in the delight–ful Moonlight. The dear little

creeper of Jai daily fondly watered by Bal blushed and bloomed in fragrant flowers.

They were the days of summer vacation and friends and Comrades, all the dear and near ones had gathered under our roof. Fame waited upon that noble band of youths and chivalary surrounded them with a halo of transperant Purity and Young Brilliance.

Their hearts were welling up with fresh love and they breathed an atmosphere suffused with noble breazes of high aspirations and chivalrous resolves. Young and tender creepers clung there to noble and spiring trees and the townsmen lovingly called that ateful garden a " Dharmashala."

Thou served the meals; the dishes used to be juicy and inviting all the more for thy serving. The Moon was delightful above and we all friends and families sat long, now musing, now lost in stirring and stimulating conversations.

Now we listened to the moving story of the Princely Exile of Ayodhya or of the stirring struggle that set Italia free. Now we sang the immortal exploits of Tanaji or of Chitore or of Baji and Bhau and Nana : the anxious analysis that with tearful eyes recounted the causes of the downfall of our distressed Mother; the keen and watchful synthesis

that planned daring schemes of Her ultimate Deliverance; the ceaseless activity that laid bare the wounds of our Mother and stirred and roused and fired the imagination of hundreds of highly metaled youths to high resolves.

Those happy days, that dear company, those moonlit nights, the romantic aspirations, the chivalrous resolves and above all that Divine Ideal that informed and inspired them all and made us take up our cross and follow it !:-

Dost thou remember it all ? Dost thou remember the stern vows and consecrating oaths mutually administered and the hundreds of noble youths initiated into the ranks of His Forces ? The youths pledging themselves to fight and fall as Baji fell – the young girls to watch, enthuse and die as the girls of Chitore died !

Nor was it blindness that goaded us on to that Path ! No ! We entered in it under the full blaze of the searching light of Logic and History and Human Nature knowing full well that those who would have Life must lose it, we took up our Cross and deliberately followed Him !

(2)

Having first called to the mind those cons[illegible]ting oaths and stern vows so solemnly taken [illegible]

with that band of dear comrades and chums, cast thou an eye on the Present! Not even a dozen years have rolled by: and yet so much is already accomplished! Cheerful indeed is the outlook!

The whole country is roused throughout its length and breadth! She has cast off the beggar's bowl and put Her hand on the hilt of Her sword! stern worshipers are pouring in in their thousands into His Temple and the Sacrificial Fire too has begun to rise in angry leaping flames on His alter.

The Test has come, Oh Ye! who have taken the stern vows and pledged your solemn words to see the great sacrifice accomplished: Who is, say! ready to fall the first victim and immolate himself in this roaring fire that Good may triumph over the forces of Evil!

No sooner did shree Rama challenge his votaries thus than did our family, Oh noble sister! volunteer itself and pray 'Here are we Oh Lord! Honour us by Sacrificing us first in those blazing flames!!'

We will work and die in defence of Righteousness – thus had we pledged our words. Behold, we enter the flames! we have kept our word!

The stern vows we took to fight under Her banner in order to win Her Freedom back even at the cost of our lives have thus been fulfilled. What

a relief ! Blessed indeed are we that He should have given us strength to burn down the Self in us to ashes before our very eyes. We have served the Cause and fighting fell. This was all we aimed at !

(3)

We dedicated to Thee our thoughts; our speech and our eloquence we dedicated to Thee, Oh Mother! My lyre sang of Thee alone : my pen wrote of Thee alone Oh Mother !

It was on thy alter that I sacrificed my health and my wealth. Neither the longing looks of a young wife vainly waiting for my return nor the peals of laughter of dear children nor the helplessness of a sister - in - law stranded and left to starve could hold me back at the call of Thy Trumpet : !

My eldest brother - so brave, so sternly resolute, and yet so softly loving - was sacrificed on thy alter. The youngest one - so dear so young - he too followed him into the flames; and now here am I, Oh Mother ! bound to Thy Sacrifical Pillar ! What of these ! Had we been seven instead of only three I would have Sacrificed them all - in thy cause !

Thy Cause is Holy ! Thy Cause I believed to be the Cause of God ! and in serving it I knew I served the Lord !

Thirty crores are Her Children ! Those amongst them who possessed of this divine rage die in Her Cause shall ever live ! and our family tree, Oh sister ! Thus up rooted shall strike its roots deep and bloom immortality.

(4)

And what even if it does not bloom and like all other Mortal Things withers and gets mixed up with the dust of oblivion ! We have fulfilled our pledges and strove suppressing Self to secure the Triumph of Good over Evil. To us that is enough. To us sacrifice is success.

Whatever pleased the Lord to bestow on us have we consecrated to Thee to day ! and if ever it pleases Him to bestow on us ought else that too would certainly be laid at Thy feet alone !

Scanning thus Thy thoughts, discriminating thus, continue, dear Vahini to uphold the traditions of our family and stand faithfully by the Cause. The divine Uma (उमा) practicing severe austerities in the snowclad Hymalayas : the girls of Chitoor with young smiles playing on their lips mounting blazing flames :—

These are thy ideals ! Thou art heroe's better-half ! be thy life as supremely heroic as to prove, that, that radiant courage and spirits' strength which

the weaker sex of Hind displayed are not yet dimmed or diminished.

This is my last word to thee; my will and my testament. Good bye, dear Vahini, Good bye. Convey my best love to my wife and this :—

That it was certainly not blindness that goaded us on to this Path ! No ! we entered on it under the full blaze of the searching light of Logic and History – and Human Nature : knowing full well that a Pilgrims' Progress leads through the vally of Death, we took up our Cross and deliberately followed Him !

(III)

It was the month of December 1910 ! Tomorrow is the fatal day when terrible punishment such as hanging, transportations for life, would be freely distributed amongst the accused ! It was also certain that Vinayakrao would receive the most terrible punishment – even perhaps the capital punishment, and thus the liberty in life would be ended ! The only question was whether the liberty would end on the gallows, or more horrible still, in transportation for life ! On that day, feeling the hand of death, fast approching, he delivered this message, as the

first instalment in repaying the debt of his beloved Mother-land and his countrymen, through those co-accused whose chances of acquittal were great.

FIRST INSTALMENT

Pleased be thou, Mother! to acknowledge this little service of thy Children.

Boundless is our indebtedness to Thee! Thou chose us to bless and suckle us at thy breast!

Behold! We enter the flames of this consecrated Fire to-day. The first instalment of that debt of Love we pay.

And totally a new birth there and then will we immolate ourselves over and over again till the hungry God of Sacrifice be full and Crown Thee with glory.

With Shree Krishna for Thy redoubtable Charioteer,
and Shree Ram to lead, and thirty crores
of soldiers to fight under Thy banner.

Thy army stops not though we fall!

But pressing on shall utterly route the forces of Evil and Thy right hand, Oh Mother shall plant the golden Banner of Righteousness on the triumphant Tops of the Himalayas'.

The poem was composed of which this is the English rendering, when Vinayakrao was, long since, on his sickbed from 1919 to 1921 when his health was gradually sinking down and down and even Doctors were greately anxious as to whether this sort of continuous lowering down of the vital forces, precipitates the crisis. He was pinned down to bed in this condition for over a year having only a small quantity of milk as his food. He, in this critical period in life, began to prefer Death, nay, he could see its shadow approaching! It was then when the unconquerable soul of Vinayakrao burst into the Poem " On The Death-bed "

On a Sick bed that threatened to be a

DEATH-BED.

Come, Death! if really thou hast started already to come – welcome! These flowers may tremble to fade away, these juicy grapes to wither. But why should I fear Thee! I have but these wines of Tears that fill my cup to offer Thee and which I though everdrinking cannot exhaust: come if that be acceptable to Thee!

Moreover though the Day is still young [illegible] daily tasks are more or less finished and [illegible] ed debts more or less repaid. Sipping [illegible] ght or two at the very fountain of the [illegible] sacred Lore, catching though [illegible]

strain of the Hymn that rises Heavenwords and sings of His glory and undergoing penances for these full twelve years in this dreadful Deathland of Hope : Have I more or less met the claims of the sages and saints repaying the ऋषिऋण; while to repay the debt, that one owes to Gods, – the देवऋण, I served under His Banner, and blowing the battlehorn and striking the battle Drum led the first rush of His forces as soon as the combatants met and Shree Ram opened his first attack : and there I stand to this day facing the furious fire : bone by bone and flesh by flesh getting consumed till the ashes of my youth is all that is left behind; and therefore unable to pay directly the debt that one owes to one's forefathers, by keeping the line of one's house unbroken do I, as the laws lay down, adopt the Abhinav Bharat – The young Indian Generation itself–as my son and successor ! Rich am I in Sons and Daughters ! Behold whereever an eye opens its petals to the new light in cradle, it is I who look forth anew on the wonders of this world. Which–so-ever face is brightened up with the soft bloom of early life my heart overflows with the milk of tenderness and charity at its sight and whenever I espy the brilliance of intellect and rising hope stamped on the noble forehead of youth it rouses once again the noble aspirations of my young days in me and makes me yet confident of the glorious Future of our race : not only of our Indian

race but of the glorious future of Human race. Ye tender and young, ye are all my children. In Human youth I remain everlastingly young and my forefathers assured of their wonted libation of Love. Do then, Death, as thou pleasest: Here have I somehow or other compromised and met the claims of my Creditors.

And To-day's tasks too are more or less finished. For hard though it is to say when the Day first rises or when it sets or what its alloted task or how best to finish it and though the wise men priests or soothsayers speak differantly and in diverse accents yet whatever conduces to the Progress of Man, what ever contributes to the greatest good of the Human Soul and had been approved of by the pious and the pure that alone I took to be the Duty of Man. And whatever falls to the share of one single individual of that common charge I honestly strove to do and bear and forbear as best as I could and so far as the circumstances made it possible. Nor ever allowed fear to make me play false to my vows.

A noble birth : a body free from any serious defect or deformation : a father so watchful and so devoted : a mother so tender : an elder brother who stands foremost in suffering and sacrifice and whose solicitude surpasses that of a mother : a younger brother so able, so humble, so devoted : love that purifies : and above all an Ideal which

gives a meaning and a purpose to this otherwise low little vegetating life of man, which enlivens this dull routine with a touch of Romance and chastens character: all these have blessed me! Nor have I been utterly denied the previleges of Worshipping a while at His feet, in company of the wise and the pure. I have known a little of fame and was admitted to the outer court – of the Temple of Muses. I have sipped many a juicy droughts; scented many a perfume nestled and nursed by many a land and stream and breaze; from the blazing Fire of Penance to the soft cooling carresses of Love have I felt the touch of all the various zones of Life hot and cold and temperate. Have listened to various notes of Music – from the sweet silvery warbling of a flute to that hoarseness which gurgles dreadfully in a dying throat – in diverse accents and tongues: Men and Women. Nations and nationalities, countries and continents: strolling in the Vast Museum of this Earth, have I witnessed scenes as varied as numerous. Eyes that have seen so much that is beautiful and graceful, well lined and well formed – shut them Death if that pleases Thee!

– and if it needs must be: for, the beautiful I saw but only at a passing glance. As soon as I sipped but a drop at the fountain of Love, separation snatched me cruelly away and for ever! While still in early youth I had to bear under a scorching Sun

the dreadful yoke under which many a nobler and stronger steed gave way. And therefore the youthful cravings to play and laugh and love in the moonlight of this life remains still unquenched in me. Yet knowing well that playful cravings could not get satiated even in the case of Yayati through that king played out his very life to quench it: and seeing that whenever the seed of Desire bears the fruit of enjoyment it contains but the seeds of Desire again: and noticing that the pleasure which the first appetite when fed yields is precisely like the pleasure which it yields when it is fed for the thousandth time: do I acquiesce in thy desire to write the last word of my life here, on this very page, – if pages to follow are going to be a mere repitition of the vainly recurring incidents of the past. I did not waste the Day that is risen, and so I regret not much even if it sets.

Nor need I feel anxious about the Morrow:– If at all the dark dead creeper of Death ever blosoms forth in days yet to come! For they say that what one soweth here shall one reap there and I have striven to sow only those grains which they themselves have sorted and picked up as the best to be sown without a craving consciousness of any right to their fruits. "Act thou in such a wise that if men make it a rule to act similarly under similar conditions it must neithes hamper nor

harm human Progress" even so did I strive to conduct myself ever since my childhood; and guided myself in the light of the saintly precepts. "Do unto others as thou wouldst be done by." If ever I deemed it legitimate to have recourse to the exceptional swift and severe rules of emergancy: it was only because Duty led me and my generation into circumstances so abnormal and urgent as to render them indispensible in the interests of rightousness itself. There was a green lawn not longer than 10 feet or so in the prison yard. There when taken out of the cell, I if allowed, used to take an open air exercise while pacing to and fro. There I in musin and striving to realize my kinship with all that breaths in the Universe was at times so overpowered with a sense of Universal sympathy that my feet would altogether get stuck to the spot. I could not induce myself to take any further step for fear that otherwise the grass would feel hurt under my pressure. How horrible to trample on these tiny young blades of grass so delightedly waving their heads before my eyes! At times when at meels sitting in the file of the criminals and convicts I used to lose myself in thoughts too deep for words, my hand holding the morsel midway between the dish and the mouth would automatically refuse to carry it further and as if from the very subconscious depth of my Being a protest would arise "hold ! is not every

seed but flesh and life striving to grow and enjoy the air it breaths ? Is not crushing and killing it veritably as criminal as to murder a child from its point of view ! Or what is a grain of wheat or rice but a seed of a fruit ? " brooding on the nature and the meaning of each of my action in the light of Universal love and kinship – nay oneship ! – and finding it utterly impossible to translate it into actions and act up to the rule of doing no harm to any living being in the world, a pang keen like a death's dagger used to stab my sense of stability of moral truths and rendering it impossible to act at all would make me dispair of the possibility of interpreting the constitution of the world in the light of Human morals. At times this overpowered me so much as to make me fall a prey to a sympathetic Monomania, render me incapable of any action whatever. Still I tried my best to act up to it and if at all a step or two ever fell astray it was so either through ignorance or helplessness. Therefore I need have no misgiving even for the Morrow ! Strange is the coast across the valley of Death ! But even to that Noland on the otherside of Death have I secured a letter of introduction written by the Divine Shree Krishna himself and addressed to the rich and the noble and the pious there – nay even to the house of the blest – th ... themselves ! ... prey
" None that acted well shall

wretchedness !" None ! None ! assure me even they who believe in Nature and the Lordless Law alone !

Therefore if it is all true what they say, if heaven and hell, birth, bondage and deliverance be all but a ripened consummation of one's own actions then the Unseen city unto which the gate of Death opens has its chosen and most handsome mansions already hired and reserved for us the fixed earnest being fully paid out by us here in confirmity to Custom and Rightious Rule.

On the other hand even if heaven and hell the souls and bondage and the moral law of action be but a fancied and fevered Mirrage of mind alone, if the soul be but a thought and a psycho-chemical product of the material combination of molecules and atoms and disappears on its disolution - so much the better ! Death in that case is either a sound sleep or absolution itself. All these five elements, now mixed, may disolve and free themselves, atom from atom, and combine again as best they please in new formation of affirmity; or live by themselves on other conscious levels of existence; or utterly forget themselves in an unconscious Nothingness. After having sparkled brilliantly a while like a pleasant rainbow in the aireal fields of consciousness if this 'I' of me is swiftly dissolved and disappears into the Universal I that is inlaid in Nature - then Oh Death, death thou art not but a deliverance !

But swiftly ! that is the only condition - my only suggestion - that if thou mean to come, come at once ! The bad name that attaches to Thee, the aversion that people feel towords Thee, is not so much due to Thy being merciless or mean - no one has ever returned to us after knowing Thee to tell us how thou exactly art - but it is mainly due, Oh Death, to this Thy vanguard of the army of Disease. They are as cruel, so forward, so repulsive ! not I alone but even He - the foeless friend of all, who longed for nothing, disliked nothing - even He Gautam the Buddha could not help disliking disease! " No benefit more blesst in the world as Freedom from Disease !" says the Dhammapada* Of course Thou mayst freely send forth Thy torturing and formidable forces of Disease to carry by assault those obstinate forts of Life who will not open their gates even to Thy call. But I - well the door of my house which if not opened willingly by me would be hammered and rushed in by Thee - I throw it wide open - and stand ready to offer Thee a welcome that cannot be denied. Then come, Oh heroic Conqueror of all conquerors alone, unintroduced and at once.

But if that be impossible for Thee to come singly then here am I prepared to face the utmost wrath of Thy forces of Disease ! Thou hast already been witnessing me for the last two years thus

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* नह्यारोग्य समोलाभो संतुष्टि परमं धनं । (धम्मपद)

nailed down to this agonising bed! Ready am I who found the honey of Life sweet, whose eyes enjoyed the light and whose heart thrilled at the touch of Love – ready am I to bear even the agonies of Death ungrudgingly as a price which one is bound in Duty to pay for having loved these blessings of Life!

